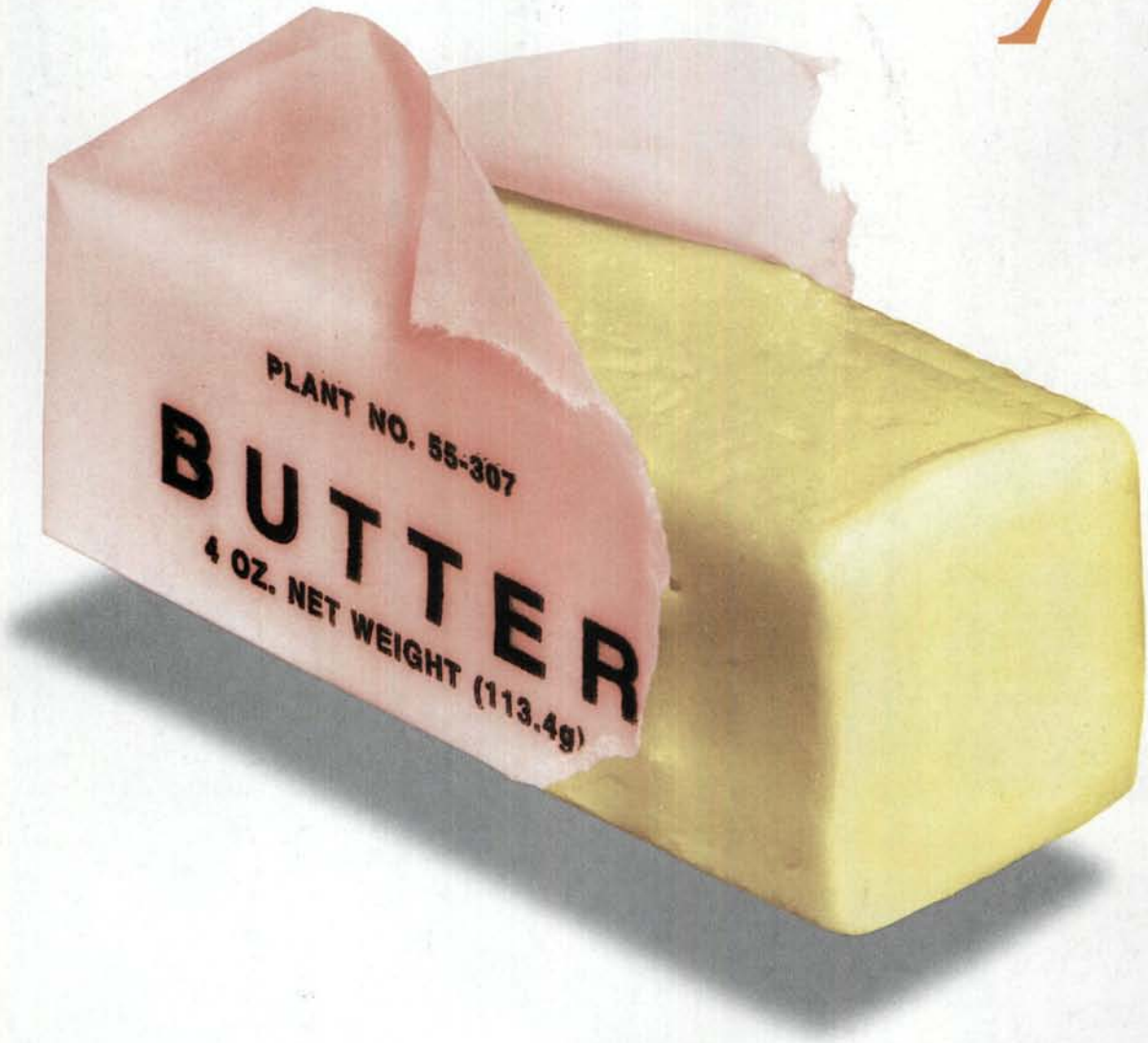
A GOOD SCHOOL—DAVID BROMWICH

SEPTEMBER 19 & 26, 1994 · $2.95

# THE NEW REPUBLIC

Mr. Sharpton's Planet, by Jim Sleeper • Health Care Now, by Richard M. Nixon

# Fat City




## An exploration of American obesity

• *Joel Garreau*

#BXBKDML ******* 3-DIGIT 757
#75755ABA11IRY007# 013095
HO NWRE S00351
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE
ROY HAMMER LIB
PO BOX 111
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Think OF IT AS economic FUEL injection.

AT TOYOTA, we're committed to building in America. In fact, almost half the Toyota passenger vehicles sold in America are built in our Kentucky and California plants. And over the last five years, we've increased our

U.S. made parts purchasing fourfold, to over $4.6 billion per year. From our manufacturing facilities to our U.S. research and design centers, our operations here provide more than 16,000 direct jobs and give an economic boost to communities right across America.

© 1994 Toyota Motor Corporate Services of North America, Inc.

*Camry & Avalon manufacturing plant, Georgetown, Kentucky.*

INVESTING IN THE THINGS WE ALL CARE ABOUT. TOYOTA

*For more information about Toyota in America write Toyota Motor Corporate Services, 9 West 57th Street, Suite 4900-B5, New York, NY 10019.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

THE NEW REPUBLIC

REC'D SEP 8 1994

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

SEPTEMBER 19 & 26, 1994

FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUES 4,157 & 4,158

*Editor-in-Chief and Chairman*
MARTIN PERETZ

*Editor*
ANDREW SULLIVAN

*Literary Editor*
LEON WIESELTIER

*Executive Editor*
DAVID SHIPLEY

*Senior Editors*
FRED BARNES, ANN HULBERT, MICKEY KAUS, MICHAEL KINSLEY, WESTON KOSOVA, CHARLES LANE, MICHAEL LEWIS, ROBERT WRIGHT

*Deputy Editor*
EVAN SMITH

*Films*
STANLEY KAUFFMANN

*Theater*
ROBERT BRUSTEIN

*Poetry*
MARY JO SALTER

*Dance*
MINDY ALOFF

*Legal Affairs*
JEFFREY ROSEN

*Contributing Editors*
ELIOT A. COHEN, STANLEY CROUCH, ANNA HUSARSKA, JOHN B. JUDIS, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, VINT LAWRENCE, LOUIS MENAND, ROGER ROSENBLATT, MAGGIE SCARF, ROBERT SHAPIRO, RONALD STEEL, E.V. THAW, TOM TOLES, TATYANA TOLSTAYA, MICHAEL WALZER, JACOB WEISBERG, C. VANN WOODWARD

*Associate Editors*
RUTH SHALIT, ALEXANDER STAR

*Assistant Literary Editor*
NADER MOUSAVIZADEH

*Assistant Editor*
AMY KNOX SHEFFER

*Design Consultant*
ERIC BAKER

*Editorial-Corporate Coordinator*
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY

*Production Director*
BRUCE STEINKE

*Assistant Production Director*
SUZAN REVAH

*Copy Editor*
DEBRA DUROCHER

*Staff Writer*
HANNA ROSIN

*Reporter-Researchers*
LAURA HODES, DANTE RAMOS, JOSHUA SHENK, MARK THOMPSON, ALYSON TODD

*President*
JEFFREY L. DEARTH

*Publisher*
JOAN M. STAPLETON

*Associate Publisher-Marketing*
PAUL J. VIZZA

*Associate Publisher-Circulation*
PEGGY JARVIS FERRIN

*Associate Publisher-Advertising*
JAMES J. McCABE

*Controller*
JEAN GANDY

*Advertising Director*
JENNIFER BARRETT

*Accounting Manager*
CHRISTINA R. BONIFER

*Circulation Manager*
CECELIA M. STEPHENS

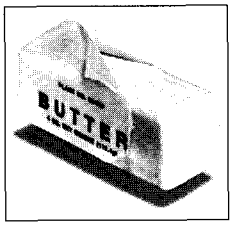
*Advertising Assistant*
DIANE M. SEBOLD

*Accounting Assistant*
JACQUELYN M. PASCALE

*New York Coordinator*
SUZANNE McENTEE

*Circulation Assistant*
CAROLYN BERRY

*Back Issues and Reception*
DORIS RIDLEY




**Cover by Jim Holloway for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Articles on pages 24, 26, 28 and 36.**

4 **CORRESPONDENCE** Defending endangered species, trashing baseball's owners &c.

6 **MICKEY KAUS** TRB: MONKEY BUSINESS Why politicians are such animals.

7 **THE EDITORS** CRIME DOG This is how the crime bill ends, not with a bite, but a nibble.

8 **NOTEBOOK** Styron's heart, China's kidneys, our groaning bookshelves &c.

10 **BILL GIFFORD** WASHINGTON SCENE: BORN AGAIN On the campaign trail with Marion Barry, the once and future mayor.

11 **RICHARD M. NIXON** HEALTH CARE NOW A workable plan.

12 **JENNIFER LUDDEN** QUEBEC POSTCARD: OWE CANADA It's the economy, stupide.

14 **DAVID GELERNTER** UNPLUGGED Don't count on computers to save the schools.

15 **BARBARA HARRELL-BOND** PITCH THE TENTS The problem with refugee camps.

19 **JIM SLEEPER** THE CLASH Even if Al Sharpton loses his Senate race to Daniel Patrick Moynihan, he wins big. So much for liberalism in New York.

24 **JOEL GARREAU** DON'T WALK Can a city make you fat?

26 **HANNA ROSIN** SOLID CITIZENS What the overweight want from health care reform.

28 **RICHARD KLEIN** BIG COUNTRY Our national eating disorder.

36 **NORMAN BOUCHER** OVERFEDS The FDA's dangerous new food labels.

38 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: BEING RESPONSIBLE Harrison Ford meets Realpolitik.

39 **DAVID BROMWICH** UNSENTIMENTAL EDUCATION Frederick Wiseman's patient look at a remarkable high school.

44 **ANTHONY GRAFTON** THE HAND AND THE SOUL *The Moment of Self-Portraiture in German Renaissance Art* by Joseph Leo Koerner

50 **GRACE SCHULMAN** POEM *After the Storm*

51 **JOHN HOLLANDER** THE ART OF MEMORY *A Silence Opens* by Amy Clampitt

53 **JAMES HAMILTON-PATERSON** ON THE BEACH *The Lure of the Sea* by Alain Corbin; *Alongshore* by John R. Stilgoe

58 **LEON WIESELTIER** WASHINGTON DIARIST: NOTES ON THE STATE OF VIRGINIA

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 211, Numbers 12 & 13, Issues 4,157 & 4,158, September 19 & 26, 1994. (Printed in the U.S. on August 31, 1994.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 10 & 17, July 18 & 25, Aug. 22 & 29, and Sept. 19 & 26, 1994) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. The New Republic Advertising Sales Office (212) 702-4882. Yearly subscriptions, $69.97; foreign, $99.97; Canada, $84.97. Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage & handling). © 1994 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Microform, CD-ROM, issue and article copies are available through University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone 1-800-521-0600. Internet mail address: editors@tnr.com Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 602, Mount Morris, IL 61054. For subscription problems call 800-827-1289.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# CORRESPONDENCE

## Endangered specious

**To the editors:**

In his article "The Final Act" (August 15), Stephen M. Meyer confuses observation with analysis in arriving at his conclusion that minor economic impact results from the identification of endangered species in those states experiencing high levels of construction activity. He makes a rather obvious observation that in states with high levels of construction, large numbers of endangered species are identified. How he concludes that this has produced a minor economic impact is neither supported nor explained by his data.

In his discussion of the economic impact of the Endangered Species Act, he avoids one of the most controversial issues that concerns property owners. Although the Fourteenth Amendment is supposed to protect us from being deprived of our property without due process, wetlands property owners have been subjected to massive constraints on the use of property because of the Endangered Species Act and its associated environmental control laws. This is an issue of tremendous economic impact that the environmental community is loath to address because it will add an unmanageable cost burden to the environmental control programs.

JOHN J. HEALY
*Montross, Virginia*

**Stephen M. Meyer replies:**

I am puzzled by John Healy's letter. Did he read the article? It did not purport to present a data analysis of the economic impact of endangered species protection. It merely reported the conclusion of an extensive statistical data study covering twenty years that clearly shows the claim that the Endangered Species Act is trashing the economy to be dead wrong. The graphic illustration was, alas, just that.

The issues of property rights and due process were central themes in the article. The complete absence of a single "takings" filing against the Endangered Species Act, despite twenty years of opportunity for law suits, says it all. And the fact that less than one in 1,000 consultations under the act produced a finding of significance suggests that there may be far more process than is rightly due.

The "massive constraints" and "tremendous economic impact" of environmental protection that unnerve Healy are political fiction, which special interest lobbyists and their politicians handily spin to manipulate public opinion.

## Welfare waivering

**To the editors:**

Where in the world did Dante Ramos ("Rats," August 8) get the idea that the welfare waiver process, which allows states to avoid otherwise applicable federal law, is the way "HHS ensures that states don't institute overly harsh welfare rules"? Surely not from California, where a waiver allowed the state to cut AFDC grants below federal minimum levels and to impose drastic reductions on newcomers. Nor from New Jersey, where a waiver allows the state to deny benefits to newborns conceived on welfare, an otherwise illegal measure. Far from a protection for AFDC recipients, the waiver process has been the way HHS allows states to *avoid* protections that Congress has enacted for recipients and to institute otherwise illegal and unquestionably harsh rules. The idea that the availability of waivers, rather than the billions in federal dollars, is what keeps states in the federal AFDC system is novel, but fails to explain why no state denied a waiver has ever left—or even credibly threatened to leave—the federal program.

Similarly confused is Ramos's understanding of the "human experimentation" claims now pending in California and New Jersey. Ramos claims that "historically, courts have maintained" that benefit cuts don't amount to a "risky procedure," but cites only cases in which no human subject claims were raised (*Dandridge* v. *Williams* and *Aguayo* v. *Richardson*). The only waiver case in which human subject claims were decided is *Crane* v. *Mathews*, in which a Georgia federal court *upheld* the application of human subject protections to a Medicaid co-payment experiment, on the theory that even a $2 co-payment could cause harm to poor people within the meaning of the human subject regulations.

Likewise, Ramos's notion that Professor Jay Katz of Yale submitted a brief—"overheated" or otherwise—comparing California's grant cuts to Auschwitz is simply inexplicable. Professor Katz provided a declaration (not a brief), and sixteen eminent research experts sponsored a brief supporting plaintiffs' research claims, but neither the brief nor the declaration compares California's AFDC experiment to Auschwitz.

Finally, the reductions plaintiffs challenged in California are 6.3 percent (a


"Powerful arguments pro and con . . . an indispensable collection."
—Floyd Abrams

Voters in eight states and hundreds of cities will consider term-limits initiatives this fall. Would term limits improve government? Would they be constitutional? *The Politics and Law of Term Limits* presents both sides of those questions and lets the reader decide.

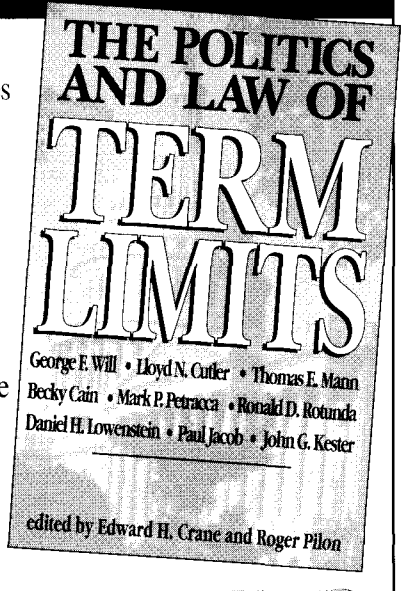
Contributors include syndicated columnist George F. Will, League of Women Voters president Becky Cain, Thomas E. Mann of the Brookings Institution, constitutional scholar Ronald D. Rotunda, White House counsel Lloyd Cutler, and more.

**152 pp./$10.95 paper/$19.95 cloth.**

*Available at bookstores or call*

**1-800-767-1241.**

*(noon-9 p.m eastern, Mon.-Fri.)*


THE POLITICS AND LAW OF
TERM LIMITS
George F. Will • Lloyd N. Cutler • Thomas E. Mann
Becky Cain • Mark P. Petracca • Ronald D. Rotunda
Daniel H. Lowenstein • Paul Jacob • John G. Kester
edited by Edward H. Crane and Roger Pilon

1000 Massachusetts Ave., N.W.
Washington. D.C. 20001

CATO INSTITUTE




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drop of $468 per year for a family of three), not 1.3 percent.

CLARE PASTORE
*Staff Attorney, Western Center on Law and Poverty*
*Los Angeles, California*

**To the editors:**

Dante Ramos misses the mark when he claims that advocates dislike New Jersey's child exclusion for political reasons. Untrue. It is the state's goal of socially engineering poor people that advocates dislike. Citing *C.K.* v. *Shalala*, Ramos questions the propriety of suing the state under federal laws governing human experiments. Yet New Jersey's program is an experiment, with experimental and control groups, hypotheses, research methodologies and evaluation procedures. Existing laws protect people from experiments that will endanger their emotional or physical well-being. At the very least, informed consent is required. Why would Ramos exempt poor women and children alone from the protections of federal law? By denying a poor mother a minimal financial increase to help her care for her newborn, New Jersey's child exclusion program clearly pushes families already living in dire poverty into a worse situation.

MARTHA DAVIS
*Senior Staff Attorney*
*NOW Legal Defense Fund*
*New York, New York*

**Dante Ramos replies:**

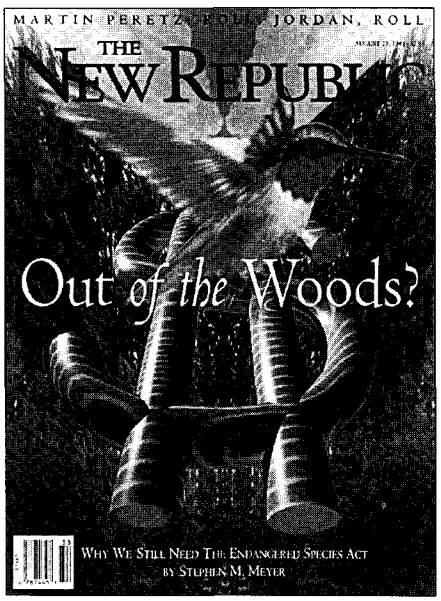
First, Clare Pastore surely knows that HHS approved the California and New Jersey provisions only alongside rules that let recipients keep more of their job income. Second, for "credible threats" to leave AFDC I refer Pastore to Massachusetts (again) or to Wisconsin legislators' December 1993 vote to pull out by 1999. Third, courts can't logically hold both that benefits rise and fall with the public's mood *and* that a cut is a forbidden procedure. Courts higher than the *Crane* panel have taken the former view. Fourth, the Auschwitz comparison appears on page 3, line 13, of Katz's document (to which he and others referred as a brief). Last, Pastore herself told me that the first California ruling dealt only with a 1.3 percent cut; the state subsequently reduced benefits another 5 percent.

## Hats and bats

**To the editors:**

Andrew Zimbalist presents excellent arguments why the players deserve the public's support in baseball's labor dispute ("Field of Schemes," August 15). However, he neglects to address the root cause of the public's pro-management sentiment: most fans believe that high player salaries are the cause of today's high ticket prices. This view, promoted by the owners, has led the public to consistently support management over athletes, but it is easily seen to be fallacious.

Basic economic theory (as well as simple logic) shows that owners will set ticket prices so as to maximize their profits. Since player salaries are the same no matter how many fans attend, they are a fixed cost. The marginal cost of admitting an extra fan is essentially zero. Hence maximizing profits requires that ticket prices be set to maximize revenue—the ticket price multiplied by the number of ticket buyers (with adjustments for concession profits). Salaries have no effect on what choice of ticket




prices maximize revenue; the public's willingness to pay is the factor that determines prices.

Two examples should suffice to prove this to any doubters. First, Ryne Sandberg's retirement will save the Cubs $26 million in salaries over the next four years, or about $2.50 for each ticket the Cubs will sell in that time. Did the Cubs cut ticket prices in response? They did not. Second, consider basketball, where players in the NBA receive 58 percent of the gross revenues while college players receive no salaries at all. Yet ticket prices for the NCAA Final Four are just as high as those for the NBA Finals.

RANDOLPH B. COHEN
*Chicago, Illinois*

## Powerbroker

**To the editors:**

In "Next of Kim" (August 8), Stephen Solarz makes the misguided suggestion that the United States should offer North Korea a nuclear program. U.S. involvement with such a deal would be a mistake for several reasons: (1) nuclear proliferation only creates long-term national security and environmental problems, (2) nuclear power plants are notorious for construction cost overruns, so any current estimated cost will be only a drop in the bucket compared with the final construction cost, let alone the ongoing multimillion dollar capital additions needed to maintain a nuclear power plan, (3) energy conservation and fossil-fired power plants are more efficient and cost-effective than nuclear plants (especially if we are talking about replacing a measly 205 megawatts of power plant capacity) and (4) the United States should not be exporting its failed nuclear development policy around the world. Just because the North Koreans have asked for a nuclear power plant does not mean we should send them one, unless we really like giving in to terrorists.

TRUMAN L. BURNS
*Berkeley, California*

## In the bag

**To the editors:**

Evan Smith may consider himself a veritable Scoop Doggy Dogg, but he needs a little education on the choice of his scooping implement ("Scoop Doggy Dogg," August 15). Smith and his wife have a dog; so does my wife. I, however, am truly a Scoop Doggy Dogg. The clear plastic, sturdy *Washington Post* delivery bags are perfect for scooping and their transparency is a bonus. By revealing their contents, they merely prove your good citizenship and neighborly good manners. Carrying your pet poop in an opaque blue bag merely means that you are carrying *something*—some rocks you found, a clump of earth, maybe even what you say you are scooping—but not necessarily so.

Smith is absolutely right on another point. As the father of two I can tell him that if his delicate sensibilities are easily upset by the mere sight of doggy doo in a clear plastic bag, he is nowhere near ready for parenthood.

MICHAEL J. WILSON
*Silver Spring, Maryland*

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.



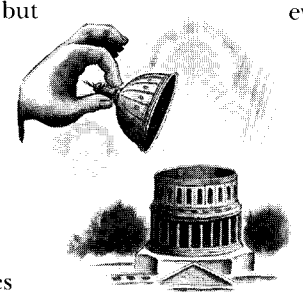
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# TRB®
## FROM WASHINGTON

# Monkey business

Earlier this summer, *Esquire* published a delicious profile of Kary Mullis, the chemist who invented the polymerase chain reaction (PCR) method of replicating DNA. Mullis, who is 49 and surfs, won the Nobel Prize for this discovery in 1993. Since then, he's taken his prize money, quit science and now apparently spends his time in a California beachfront apartment attempting to use his fame to seduce women. Emily Yoffe, author of the profile, clearly regards Mullis as a lab-quality example of immaturity. His promiscuity, she suggests, "is not a universal component of the Y chromosome."

She should read my colleague Robert Wright's *The Moral Animal.* Wright's book promotes a sweeping Darwinian view of human nature. It's not a pleasant picture, especially when it comes to men. In this view, Mullis is no aberration. He is pathetic only because he is so transparently acting out male impulses that in fact are universal, and gene-based: he seeks social status and then tries to convert it into sex. This Darwinian view typically provokes two reactions. The first is that it's obviously true—so what else is new? The second is that it's outrageously false. Both charges are often made by the same people, but both can't be right.



Darwin's doctrine of natural selection *is* obvious, of course, once you think of it. The genes that have survived a couple of million years of evolution are those that have been successful at getting copies of themselves into future generations. Why do men spend so much more time than women pursuing sex with various partners? Because there is almost no limit to the number of offspring men can have, while women are limited to about one child a year. Once upon a time there might have been a man whose DNA told him to want sex with only one woman. Unfortunately, his genes died out several hundred thousand years ago—or they were swamped by the genes of the offspring of more promiscuous men. (Yes, contraception now short circuits this logic. But it's going to take a long time for it to undo 150,000 generations of human evolution.)

Why do men in every society seek social status? Because men with more social status have more sex. Men with genes that prompt them to be social climbers thus have a decisive evolutionary advantage. Even a seemingly absurd cultural artifact like the Madonna/Whore complex, Wright points out, may have a Darwinian basis. A man seeking to maximize his genetic legacy would be well advised to divide women into two categories: those who can be trusted to be faithful, whose children are worth staying with and protecting, and those who are likely to be unfaithful—and who are not rational candidates for the investment of more energy than it takes to seduce them.

Once you get this simple paradigm into your head it seems to explain almost everything. It explains brotherly love. (Our siblings share half our genes.) It can explain why men sincerely tell women they love them and later leave. (Self-deception is the best deception, so men's genes fool them into thinking they're in love.) It also explains Washington.

Take Senator Bob Kerrey. In 1992 Kerrey ran for president calling for a national single-payer health plan that would supplant private insurance. He lost to Bill Clinton. Ever since, he has been a thorn in Clinton's side, holding out until the last minute on the budget vote, dropping the single-payer idea and denouncing Clinton's milder plan as excessively "centralized."

Now, there is a plausible intellectual explanation for Kerrey's erratic actions: he's suddenly worried about expensive government entitlements, etc. But there is also a simple Darwinian explanation. Kerrey (like all male primates) is ambitious. In the Democratic primaries, it served his interest to promote a liberal health plan. Now it serves his interest to make life miserable for the man who beat him, and to attract attention (and power) by playing hard-to-get.

*continued on page 57*

**"An impressive panoramic history of the American criminal justice system...**

from the Salem witchcraft trails to the acquittal of four Los Angeles police officers in the first Rodney King beating case."
—*Yale Kamisar*, New York Times Book Review

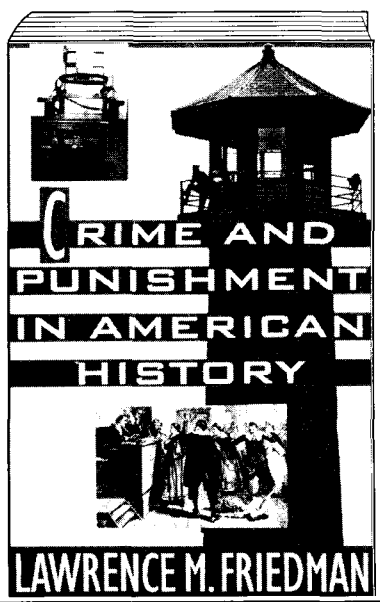
"Likely to be the standard introduction to the history of criminal justice in this country well into the 21st century."
—*Stephen B. Presser*, Chicago Tribune

"Destined to become a classic . . . easily the best single volume history of the subject available."
—*John J. DiIulio*, Insight

• FINALIST FOR THE PULITZER PRIZE IN HISTORY •

• WINNER, SILVER GAVEL AWARD, AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION •

NOW IN PAPERBACK!




BasicBooks
*A Division of* HarperCollins*Publishers*
*Also available from* HarperCollins*CanadaLtd*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

SEPTEMBER 19 & 26, 1994

# CRIME DOG

So now we have a crime bill. After the endless political analysis of President Clinton's victory, it may seem peevish to examine the substance of what Congress has actually wrought. But in the demagogic final days of debate, several provisions were inserted, and others were undone, in ways that threaten to distort the balance of federal-state relations for many years to come. What follows is a guide to the land mines contained in what may come to be seen as the great domestic achievement of Bill Clinton's first term.

*Three Strikes and Mandatory Minimum Sentences.* It is now clear that Congress made a historic mistake in the 1980s by crowding the federal prisons and the federal courts with long mandatory sentences for nonviolent drug offenders, instead of focusing limited federal resources on violent criminals. Any sensible reform, therefore, would combine a truly narrow three strikes provision for violent criminals with a safety valve for nonviolent drug offenders. Lamentably, both goals vanished in the final days of debate, thanks largely to a lack of leadership from the White House. Despite the president's State of the Union promise that the three strikes provision would be limited to violent crimes, it was expanded after hysterical debate in the House: the first two strikes now include crimes of violence *as well as* drug offenses. As for the safety valve, the White House privately made clear that it opposed applying the provision retroactively to low-level offenders who are already in jail. Consequently, it is likely to cover only a handful of prisoners a year.

*Evidentiary Rules for Sex Offenders.* An amendment inserted in the final hours by Republican Representative Susan Molinari of New York dramatically changes the federal rules of evidence. Flimsy hearsay allegations of previous sex offenses will now be admissible in sex crimes cases, even if they haven't been formally reported to the police. Traditionally, federal courts have excluded this sort of evidence. The Molinari amendment is largely symbolic (only a handful of sex crimes are prosecuted in federal courts); and Congress will have an opportunity to change its mind before the end of this year. But to transform the federal rules of evidence without hearings or debate sets a dangerous precedent.

*The Violence Against Women Act.* Far less symbolic than the Molinari amendment, Senator Joseph Biden's ill-considered crusade appears to transform every rape accusation into a potential federal civil rights offense, as if the underlying violent crime is not serious enough. The act creates civil rights remedies—including punitive and compensatory damages—for all violent crimes that are motivated by "gender animus." The only hope for civil libertarians is that the act, which creates an entirely new category of thought crimes, appears to be unconstitutional under *Wisconsin* v. *Mitchell*, the Supreme Court's recent hate crimes decision.

*Prisons and Prevention.* Nearly $10 billion of the $30 billion bill goes for state grants to build new prisons. The final compromise provides that half the money will be reserved for states that follow the federal government's lead and abolish parole. This provision is an affront to federalism: if states want to build more prisons, they're perfectly free to do so; but they shouldn't have their sentencing preferences distorted by heavy-handed federal bribes. As for the $7 billion that was left over for a hodgepodge of prevention programs, it seems more an admission of defeat than a serious response to social pathology.

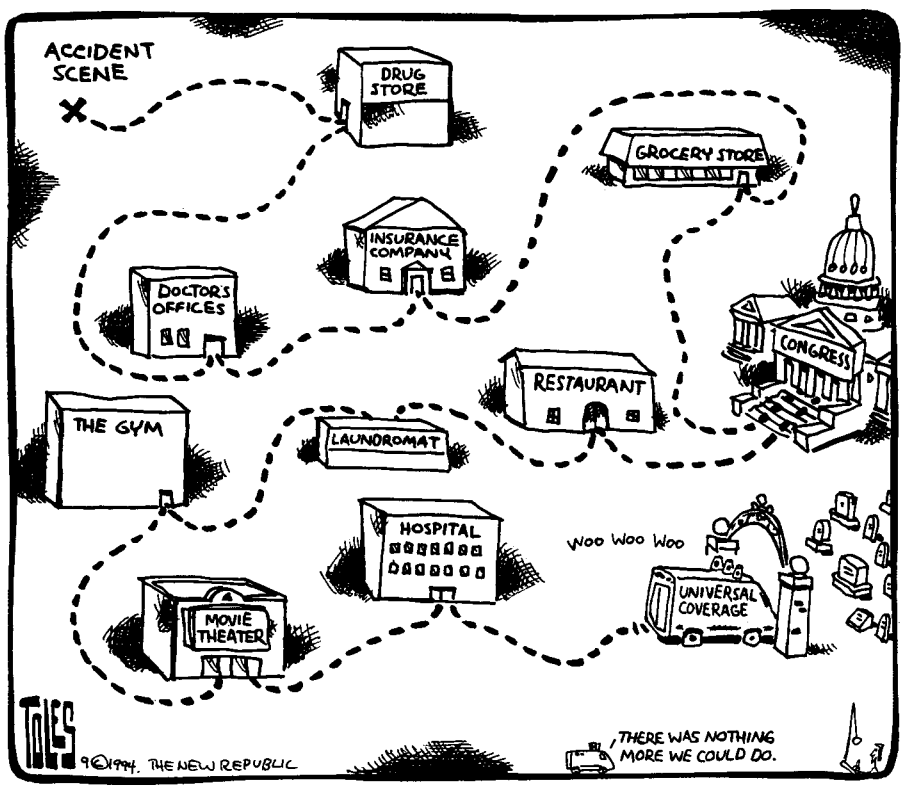
Was the crime bill, in the end, worth passing? Its centerpiece—$13 billion for state and federal law enforcement—is a modest experiment we hope succeeds. And the assault weapons ban, although toothless in practice because it doesn't cover weapons already on the street, is a welcome rebuke to the National Rifle Association. But by demanding a crime bill at all costs while remaining entirely agnostic about the details, President Clinton appears to have done as much harm as good. •



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# NOTEBOOK

EXTRA CREDIT: We haven't had much nice to say about President Clinton's foreign policy. But on Cuba, the administration deserves praise. The bankrupt Cuban dictator wants to blackmail the United States into lifting the trade embargo on his terms. Clinton didn't fall for it: he slapped Fidel Castro with stiffer sanctions. Castro folded—taking steps to slow the boatlift and accepting midlevel talks limited to U.S. concerns on immigration. Now a chorus of foreign policy experts is urging the president to expand the talks or unilaterally ease the embargo. We have no problem with offering inducements, even the end of the embargo, but only in exchange for specific and verifiable steps toward democracy, as spelled out in the Cuban Democracy Act of 1992. The twilight of the Castro regime is the time to use our leverage, not to give it away.




DARKNESS RISIBLE: "I was just suffering for him for those ten days he didn't get to be here."
—Author William Styron, citizen of Martha's Vineyard, expressing compassion for the delay in President Clinton's arrival on the island caused by his executive tribulations in Washington

OVERDRAWN: So the Bosnian Serbs finally held their referendum. Offered 49 percent of Bosnia-Herzegovina in the impracticable "contact group" peace proposal, they nonetheless rejected it overwhelmingly. But who can blame them? They have no rational reason to believe that the West will force them to give up at the ballot-box what they have won through twenty-eight months of war, murder and ethnic cleansing. Nor do the Serbian warlords show any signs of letting up. In the last six weeks, according to *The New York Times*, more than 2,000 Muslims have been driven from their homes in northeastern Bosnia. Having rejected the referendum, the Bosnian Serb leader Radovan Karadzic now demands "another map, a new conference, new peace efforts." Well, we couldn't agree more. Our new map, however, would restore the territorial boundaries of the sovereign state of Bosnia-Herzegovina, eliminate the gains of the Serb militias and allow for the reconstruction of multiethnic, multicultural Bosnia.

HAVE A HEART: Last week, Commerce Secretary Ron Brown glad-handed his way along the Great Wall in the first official visit to China by a Cabinet secretary since President Clinton delinked trade and human rights. "I'm here to promote the commercial interests of the United States," the chipper secretary told reporters. Perhaps we could learn something from China's latest low-cost, high-profit venture. It seems the People's Republic has found a way to make a $30,000 profit with no investment. The secret? According to the latest Human Rights Watch/Asia report, China's burgeoning transplant industry is harvesting the internal organs of about 2,000 executed prisoners a year and selling them to foreigners. To snare a cornea, firing squads shoot at the heart. For a kidney, they aim at the head. Sometimes, to keep organs fresh, they botch the execution so a surgeon can remove the desired item while the prisoner is still alive.

AUTHOR, AUTHOR: We're delighted to note the publication this month of *The Moral Animal: Evolutionary Psychology and Everyday Life* by TNR Senior Editor Robert Wright (Pantheon). A provocative explanation of why we are the way we are, the book also has a larger goal: to free Darwinism from its historical association with right-wing thought, and reconcile it with liberalism. We're pleased to announce, too, the publication of Contributing Editor Michael Walzer's *Thick and Thin: Moral Argument at Home and Abroad* (University of Notre Dame Press).

HAPPY LABOR DAY: This is a double issue; TNR will not appear next week. The editors will spend the time limbering up for midnight basketball. •



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE WATERS OF PEACE

In the Middle East and elsewhere controversies often center on the control of scarce supplies of water. That's why the work of scientists engaged in water-related research may hold the key to prospective agreements seeking peace and prosperity in arid and semi-arid regions. Water is the basic resource of life. ❧ The Weizmann Institute of Science in Rehovot, Israel, is proud of its "natural" place and its achievements in water research. No other region on earth has stimulated its scientists with comparable historical documentation of water abundance and scarcity through the millennia. Today, interdisciplinary research teams at Weizmann are developing new methods of cloud seeding, water detoxification, sun-based water purification and many other water projects. ❧ The world-wide effort of modern science to expand the blessings of water knows no national boundaries. Wherever it occurs, it deserves priority from government and private sources.

*The Weizmann Institute, founded in 1934, is a community of 2,300 scientists, engineers and scientists-in-training engaged in a full agenda of 800 research projects ranging from environmental research, chemistry, physics and computer science to basic medical research in neurosciences, cancer, AIDS, and childhood diseases.*

AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR THE WEIZMANN INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE
51 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10010 212/779-2500

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

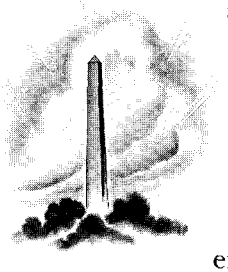
# BORN AGAIN

*By Bill Gifford*

"Do you wanna write a cooperative story?" Marion Barry wants to know. "Or do you wanna be an asshole?"

Since I won't abide by his request—that I go home and set up a formal interview through his press secretary rather than tail him around the city—the latter is my only option.

Oh, well: Barry didn't become the front-runner in Washington's mayoral race by catering to the white media, so why should he start now? He launched himself to the top of the polls by doing what he is doing this fall-like August afternoon: strolling through one of Washington's shabbier neighborhoods, where he is greeted not like a failed three-term mayor and disgraced ex-con but like a conquering hero.



There's already been some excitement. Just after Barry arrived, two middle-aged men, tattered and bruised from a beating at the hands of a gang of black-shirted teens, limped into the protective shadow of Barry's two huge security guards. (The teens strutted away, jeering.) Then there was the Park Police car that swerved around Barry's Chrysler and peeled up the street, tires screeching.

In neighborhoods like this, Barry usually dresses in the African garb of his recently adopted alter ego, "Anwar Amal." Today he's wearing the bottom half of a business suit, a collared shirt and a dazzling pair of crimson loafers, probably for tonight's fund-raiser. As he swaggers up First Street, tailed by a campaign car with a roof-mounted speaker, the candidate has one question for everyone he meets. To the kid clutching a fistful of Phillies blunt cigars, he asks, "You registered?" To a toothless grandmother: "You registered?" To the tipsy, giggling girls who pile out of a sleek Hyundai to see him: "You registered?" He steers every nonvoter to his aide, a young woman named Gwen Foster, who fills out a mail-in voter registration form. "I hafta do this?" the Phillies kid asks. "Yes," Barry answers, "you have to."

Since Barry's return from prison two years ago, registration in the city's poorest wards has surged, thanks almost entirely to his roving teams of campaign workers. Even if he loses, the swarms of new voters will realign the city's electorate—for next time. He long ago abandoned the white liberal voters of upper Northwest who installed him in the mayor's office in 1978, and turned to this untapped political market. "This is a great place for him," Foster says, scribbling out a form as she talks. "It's nothing but Marion Barry territory."

People here can relate to his saga of arrest and redemption. His run-in with the law—and the hamfisted sting that led to his arrest—is not an albatross but an asset. His comeback mirrors their own hopes. A British tabloid reporter follows him up the block. "Do you think all that stuff is really behind you now?" he asks. Barry assures him that it is. But it isn't, really. He doesn't always want it to be. In some parts of town, he's running against his past. Here, he milks it for all it's worth.

"I love Mayor Barry," gushes one of the Hyundai girls, waiting for her turn to embrace him. To many Washingtonians, his first name might as well be "Mayor."

"Meet and greet Marion Barry!" the campaign-mobile blares. "The summer jobs expert!"

In his dozen years as mayor, Barry molded the government into his personal political machine. Loyalty was rewarded or bought outright, and the ranks of city workers swelled from 32,000 in 1981 to more than 45,000 by 1990—not including the thousands of teens given government summer jobs in the 1980s, when Barry promised a job for every kid who wanted one (a friend of mine was paid to play saxophone in a jazz band).

Yet just a week ago the candidate told an audience at the downtown Dixie Grill (where the wait staff sport a confederate flag on their T-shirts) that he would control spending and downsize government. "We've got to put the government on a diet," said the man who bloated the civil service to the point where the city now pays one full-time worker for every dozen residents. He vowed to limit government employees' perks, such as car phones. "Go use the pay phone," he ranted. Barry's latest campaign spending report includes a charge of $478.80 for "cellular telephones."

Speaking as though he'd never held office, Barry promised to fix the school system, whose dropout rate nudges 50 percent. The man who presided over the steep rise in Washington's murder rate vowed to "get these handguns off the streets." And he swore to rehabilitate the District's 2,500 vacant public housing units—the same number that were vacant when he went off to jail. "Everything that I left has gotten worse," he lamented.

As he walks up T Street, stapling yard signs to stakes with the Swingline holstered in his rear pocket, all is forgiven. The block is festooned with green and white Barry signs, helpfully emblazoned with the date of the Democratic primary, September 13.

Gripping and grinning his way through a crowd outside a convenience store, Barry comes face to face with the Centurions: three black-clad soldiers in full combat gear, body armor and automatic rifles. Their badges identify them as "United States Park Police." We're miles from the nearest park. Around here, they're better known as the "jump-out boys." Their exposed noses and cheeks gleam with sweat; they've just raided a small row house down the street, and are none too popular at the moment.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Barry walks up and tries to make small talk. They shift uncomfortably, give terse answers. "Just a raid," the leader says. Sizing up the situation, they turn and walk back down the block.

"See the power of Marion Barry?" shouts a beefy guy in a turquoise shirt. "Get on!" he yells at the retreating cops. The crowd laughs and cheers. Meanwhile, Barry hurries around the corner to pound in a few more signs and shake a few more hands.

Everyone Barry approaches rushes to meet him. Everyone, that is, but Sheila Link, a single mother with three kids in the back seat of her Subaru. When Barry saunters up to her driver's side window, she gives him the brush-off—the first negative reaction he's drawn all afternoon.

"I live in public housing," she tells him, "and it is run down. Holes in my walls, holes in my toilet ..."

"That's why I want to be mayor," he replies weakly. "[D.C.'s] is the worst public housing in the nation." (The week before, a D.C. judge fingered Barry as the cause.)

"Marion Barry is a seasoned leader who has a demonstrated ability to manage the complicated financial problems facing our city at this time," the car-speaker announces to the world.

He hands Link a card to fill out, but she refuses. "What for? I had the drug boys in my house, threatening me," she says. "Nobody did *nothing* about it. Move us out of there, and we'll vote for you."

He gives up, walks on. His New Yorker has appeared, engine running. "We're outta here," Barry announces to no one in particular, and climbs in.

"He's full of it," Link tells me. "I've *been* through Marion Barry already."

BILL GIFFORD is a staff writer at *Washington City Paper.*

**On a cold day in 1971...**

# HEALTH CARE NOW

*By Richard M. Nixon*

For growing numbers of Americans, the cost of care is becoming prohibitive. Even those who can afford most care may find themselves impoverished by a catastrophic medical expenditure. The quality of medicine varies widely with geography and income. Because we pay so little attention to preventing disease and treating it early, too many people get sick and need intensive treatment. Costs have skyrocketed but values have not kept pace. We are investing more of our nation's resources in the health of our people, but we are not getting a full return on our investment.

Too many health insurance policies focus on hospital and surgical costs and leave critical outpatient services uncovered. Because demand goes where the dollars are, the result is an unnecessary—and expensive—overutilization of acute care facilities. A second problem is the failure of most private insurance policies to protect against the catastrophic costs of major illnesses and accidents. This means that insurance often runs out while expenses are still mounting. For many of our families, the anguish of a serious illness is thus compounded by acute financial anxiety. Even the joy of recovery can often be clouded by the burden of debt—and even by the threat of bankruptcy.

I am proposing that a National Health Insurance Standards Act be adopted which will require employers to provide basic health insurance for their employees. In the past, we have taken similar actions to assure workers a minimum wage, to provide them with disability and retirement benefits and to set occupational health and safety standards. Now we should go one step further and guarantee that all workers will receive adequate health insurance protection. The federal government would pay nothing for this program: the costs would be shared by employers and employees, much as they are today under most collective bargaining agreements.

I am also proposing that a new Family Health Insurance Plan be established to meet the special needs of poor families. Medicaid suffers from defects that now plague our failing welfare system. It largely excludes the working poor—which means that all benefits can suddenly be cut off when a family's income rises ever so slightly. Coverage is provided when husbands desert their families, but is often eliminated when they come back home and work.

Some of these problems would be corrected by my proposal to require employers to offer adequate insurance coverage to their employees. No longer, for example, would a working man receive poorer insurance coverage than a welfare client—a condition that exists today in many states.

"It is health which is real wealth," said Gandhi, "and not pieces of gold and silver." That statement applies not only to the lives of men but also to the life of nations. Not only is health more important than economic wealth, it is also its foundation. Nineteen months ago I said that America's medical system faced a "massive debt crisis." Since that statement was made, that crisis has deepened. All of us must now join together in a common effort to meet this crisis—each doing his own part to mobilize more effectively the enormous potential of our health care system.

*This is an excerpt from President Richard Nixon's February 18, 1971, message to Congress on health insurance. The plan he offered required businesses to pay 75 percent of the cost of employees' insurance. Ironically, Nixon's universal coverage plan was rejected by congressional liberals, who believed it didn't go far enough. This document was rediscovered by* Newsweek *National Correspondent Steve Waldman.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

QUEBEC POSTCARD

# OWE CANADA

*By Jennifer Ludden*

Jacques Parizeau's message on the campaign trail is delivered with the conviction and zeal of a firebrand preacher. The gospel of the portly, debonair leader of the Parti Quebecois is salvation through separation; if he sweeps the September 12 provincial elections as expected, he will bring Quebecers closer than ever to satisfying their longtime desire to break with the Canadian confederation. "We are sovereigntists before, during and after the elections," he declares. Yet nationalism is only part of Parizeau's appeal. What really fuels his candidacy is economics. Quebec, he complains, is overburdened by an expensive Canadian bureaucracy that it must shed to prosper.

The privileged scion of a Montreal business family, Parizeau, 64, studied economics at Montreal's Hautes Etudes Commerciales in 1950, when the city was still ruled by an Anglo business elite. In the early 1960s, after earning a Ph.D. at the London School of Economics, Parizeau designed and put in place a state-run investment agency and provincial pension fund, two giant steps toward making Quebecers *maîtres chez nous.* Two decades later he became the P.Q. government's finance minister, continuing the province's economic revolution by deregulating its financial sector. Parizeau can take credit for today's established French-Canadian corporate class. "In the old days," goes a saying in the business community, "if there were nine Quebecois and one Anglo in a room, the meeting was conducted in English. Today, if there are nine Anglos and one Quebecois, the meeting is in French."

Still, Parizeau laments that Ottawa regards Quebec as simply one province among ten equals, not a partner with powers befitting one of the country's "two founding nations." Worse, he argues, the federal government drags down Quebec's economy. The province, Parizeau claims, could save $3 billion (Canadian) in federal duplication and waste, while gaining more freedom to spend tax dollars on research or training or tackling its nearly 13 percent unemployment.

While Parizeau entices voters with how good their situation might be, Quebec Premier and Liberal Party leader Daniel Johnson is strapped by the electorate's weariness from nine years of Liberal rule; and he is blamed by association for high unemployment, a high deficit and high taxes. A Francophone despite his name, the 49-year-old has spent the past five years in charge of Quebec's finances, defending unpopular spending cuts. Yet Johnson—who took office in January after his predecessor, Robert Bourassa, stepped down for health reasons and no other candidate stepped forward—lacks charisma. "We will provide jobs," he has dryly pledged. Attacking the P.Q.'s promises of jobs in an independent Quebec, he has told reporters, "There are contradictions, paradoxes, make-believe appeals to people's gullibility.... These people will say anything to get elected." Such warnings haven't scared Quebecers ready to try anything to revive their depressed economy.

Most economists agree that a sovereign Quebec would suffer at least an initial drop in its standard of living. Quebec receives about $5 billion from Ottawa each year—a subsidy whose disappearance would quickly push the provincial debt load to $70 billion. Add to that the quarter of Canada's debt that Parizeau says an independent Quebec would assume, and the burden rises to $180 billion, or more than $26,000 for each newly sovereign resident. And there could be other glitches. Parizeau recently insisted that Quebecers could maintain dual Canadian citizenship, keep the Canadian dollar and continue benefiting from free-trade agreements. The Clinton administration responded that the province's place in NAFTA, at least, was not assured. Nevertheless, while growth may not be certain, neither is catastrophe. "I don't see this economy disappearing," says McGill University economist William Watson. Quebec fuels about one-quarter of Canada's wealth, so keeping existing trade is of mutual interest. Watson says predictions of a mass exodus of uncomfortable English-speakers also may be overblown. Since 1976, the last time separatists took power, hundreds of thousands of them have left. The bulk of the damage is done, Watson believes. His own Montreal high school, for instance, now holds class reunions in Toronto.

While staunch support for separation historically has registered at 40 percent, there is evidence that the adherents may be shifting. The young men and women who wept on T.V. after the failed 1980 referendum on sovereignty may not come forth this time. Now established forty- and fiftysomethings, they have more to lose economically by a split with Canada.

Instead, it is today's young who are taking up the cause of defending their culture by cataloging perceived threats to it. Recently, a perfectly bilingual, 29-year-old Quebecois friend and I went to see a Hollywood movie at a theater that showed only English films. The ticket-taker, though, could not be forgiven his assumption when he greeted us in English. "Pardon?" demanded my friend, snapping to his full height, head cocked. The ticketer forced a tight half-smile as he dutifully switched to French for the brief transaction. Heading through the door, my friend turned to me. *"On doit les informer."* We must inform them.

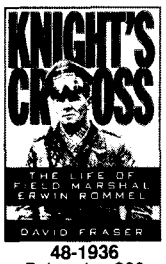
Such cultural clashes are played out daily and are fodder for the resentment that drives any secessionist movement. So are two failed attempts at reforming the federal constitution to recognize Quebec as a distinct



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# TAKE ANY 3 FOR $1 EACH

**Plus a 4th at 35% off the publisher's price.** **NO RISK, NO COMMITMENT.**



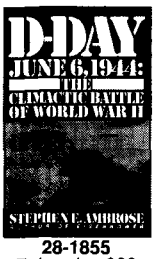

**48-1936**
Pub. price **$30**

**48-1944**
Pub. price **$25**

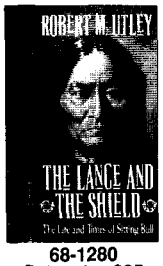
**78-0446**
Pub. price **$27.50**

**48-1703**
Pub. price **$27.50**

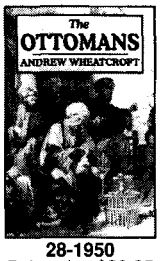
**38-2224**
Pub. price **$27.50**




**28-1855**
Pub. price **$30**

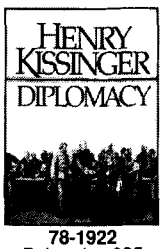



**68-1280**
Pub. price **$25**

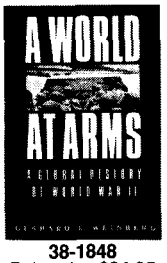



**28-1950**
Pub. price **$29.95**

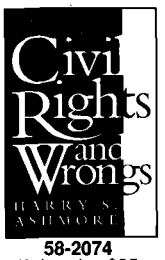
**98-0800**
Pub. price **$30**



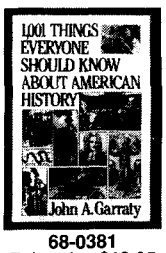

**78-1922**
Pub. price **$35**




**38-1848**
Pub. price **$34.95**

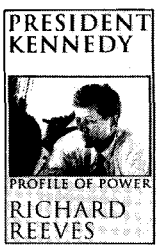



**58-2074**
Pub. price **$25**

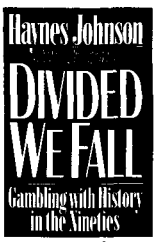



**68-0381**
Pub. price **$19.95**

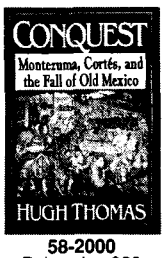
**88-2011**
Pub. price **$25**



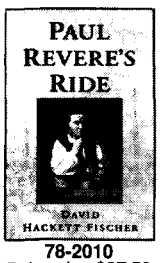

**18-1612**
Pub. price **$30**



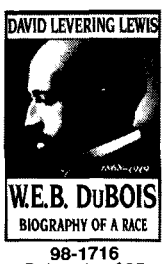

**38-2059**
Pub. price **$25**



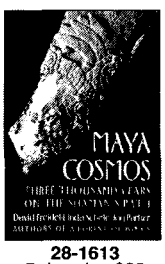

**58-2000**
Pub. price **$30**



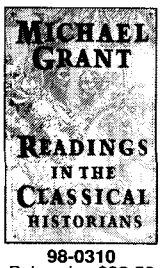

**78-2010**
Pub. price **$27.50**



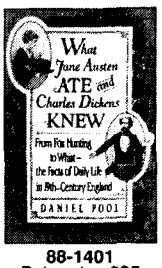

**98-1716**
Pub. price **$35**



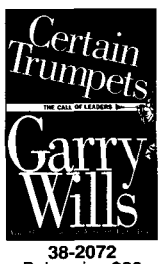

**28-1613**
Pub. price **$30**



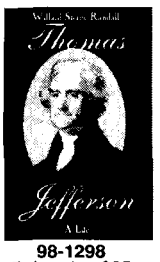

**98-0310**
Pub. price **$32.50**




**88-1401**
Pub. price **$25**




**38-2072**
Pub. price **$23**




**98-1298**
Pub. price **$35**

## Save on the best recent history titles.

No matter what area of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll find that History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being published today. And no book club we know offers greater savings—as much as 25% off publishers' list prices. You can save even more by taking advantage of our Introductory Offer. Select any three books on this page for $1 each when you take a fourth book at 35% off the publisher's price, plus shipping and handling. Thereafter, you're not obligated to order any more books. You may cancel your membership at any time by notifying History Book Club. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

**How the Club works.** You'll be able to choose from 150 to 200 books featured each month. History Book Club always offers its members well-made, long-lasting editions.

You'll receive our *Review* and a dated Reply Form 17 times a year (about every 3 weeks). If you want the "Editors' Choice," do nothing—the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no books at all, return the Reply Form by the date specified. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

**Your HBC guarantee:** If you receive an unwanted "Editors' Choice" because you had less than 10 days to decide, simply return it and pay nothing.

## Guarantee of Satisfaction

You may examine your introductory books for 10 days, free. If you are not satisfied, for any reason whatsoever, simply return the books and you will be under no further obligation.

**History Book Club®, Camp Hill, PA 17012-0001.** Please enroll me in History Book Club according to the no-risk, no-commitment terms outlined in the accompanying ad. Send me the four books whose numbers I have listed below. Bill me $1 each for 3 choices, and the fourth at 35% off the publisher's price, plus shipping and handling.

**3 choices at $1 each:** 4-19

_ _ _

**4th choice at 35% off the publisher's price:** _

H127-9-3

Name_____
(Please print clearly.)

Address_____ Apt. #_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____ #053

| **To help us serve you, please tell us what you like to read.** | STRONGLY DISLIKE | SOMEWHAT DISLIKE | NO OPINION | SOMEWHAT LIKE | STRONGLY LIKE |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. Civil War | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| B. Ancient History | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| C. Military History | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| D. American History | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| E. British History | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| F. Russia, Asia, the Middle East | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| G. European History | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| H. Current Affairs | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| I. Social/Intellectual History | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |

© 1994 History Book Club, Inc. All orders subject to approval. Prices and offer may differ in Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

society. "Each time we have tried to work together," says Marie Therese Lemay of St. Jerome, "the federal government has cornered Quebec." A mirror frustration with Quebec is mounting in English Canada, where fifteen years ago tens of thousands pleaded with disgruntled Quebecers: "Please stay, and we'll work it out." Today, Lorne Caughill, who heads the Ontario group "Canada First" (formerly "Commitment Canada"), is busy calculating the cost to English-speakers if Quebec splits. Caughill told a Toronto newspaper in June his new attitude toward Quebec: "You can go, but you go under the terms of the Canadian government ... not your terms."

Still, any exit is far from assured. Polls suggest that if a vote on separation were held today it would be a stretch to reach a simple majority. Compared to successful secessionist groups elsewhere, says political scientist Daniel Salee of Montreal's Concordia University, Quebecers "don't suffer enough." Another obstacle to a smooth split is the claim by Quebec's native populations to two-thirds of the province's territory. If held up in court, a rump independent Quebec could be left without many of the natural resources that have helped drive its economy. And then there is the domino effect of secession, which could rumble to the east and west, where other provinces are compiling their own lists of financial grievances. "There must be a maximum number of disputes a country can have at once," says Watson. A separatist win this month will certainly increase the number of disputes. The only questions are what will be the cost and who will pay it.

JENNIFER LUDDEN is a reporter with National Public Radio affiliate WBUR in Boston.

**The myth of computers in the classroom.**

# UNPLUGGED

*By David Gelernter*

Over the last decade an estimated $2 billion has been spent on more than 2 million computers for America's classrooms. That's not surprising. We constantly hear from Washington that the schools are in trouble and that computers are a godsend. Within the education establishment, in poor as well as rich schools, the machines are awaited with nearly religious awe. An inner-city principal bragged to a teacher friend of mine recently that his school "has a computer in every classroom ... despite being in a bad neighborhood!"

Computers should be in the schools. They have the potential to accomplish great things. With the right software, they could help make science tangible or teach neglected topics like art and music. They could help students form a concrete idea of society by displaying on-screen a version of the city in which they live—a picture that tracks real life moment by moment.

In practice, however, computers make our worst educational nightmares come true. While we bemoan the decline of literacy, computers discount words in favor of pictures and pictures in favor of video. While we fret about the decreasing cogency of public debate, computers dismiss linear argument and promote fast, shallow romps across the information landscape. While we worry about basic skills, we allow into the classroom software that will do a student's arithmetic or correct his spelling.

Take multimedia. The idea of multimedia is to combine text, sound and pictures in a single package that you browse on screen. You don't just *read* Shakespeare; you watch actors performing, listen to songs, view Elizabethan buildings. What's wrong with that? By offering children candy-coated books, multimedia is guaranteed to sour them on unsweetened reading. It makes the printed page look even more boring than it used to look. Sure, books will be available in the classroom, too—but they'll have all the appeal of a dusty piano to a teen who has a Walkman handy.

So what if the little nippers don't read? If they're watching Olivier instead, what do they lose? The text, the written word along with all of its attendant pleasures. Besides, a book is more portable than a computer, has a higher-resolution display, can be written on and dog-eared and is comparatively dirt cheap.

Hypermedia, multimedia's comrade in the struggle for a brave new classroom, is just as troubling. It's a way of presenting documents on screen without imposing a linear start-to-finish order. Disembodied paragraphs are linked by theme; after reading one about the First World War, for example, you might be able to choose another about the technology of battleships, or the life of Woodrow Wilson, or hemlines in the '20s. This is another cute idea that is good in minor ways and terrible in major ones. Teaching children to understand the orderly unfolding of a plot or a logical argument is a crucial part of education. Authors don't merely agglomerate paragraphs; they work hard to make the narrative read a certain way, prove a particular point. To turn a book or a document into hypertext is to invite readers to ignore exactly what counts—the story.

The real problem, again, is the accentuation of already bad habits. Dynamiting documents into disjointed paragraphs is one more expression of the sorry fact that sustained argument is not our style. If you're a newspaper or magazine editor and your readership is dwindling, what's the solution? Shorter pieces. If you're a politician and you want to get elected, what do you need? Tasty sound bites. Logical presentation be damned.

Another software species, "allow me" programs, is not much better. These programs correct spelling and, by



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

applying canned grammatical and stylistic rules, fix prose. In terms of promoting basic skills, though, they have all the virtues of a pocket calculator.

In Kentucky, as *The Wall Street Journal* recently reported, students in grades K-3 are mixed together regardless of age in a relaxed environment. It works great, the *Journal* says. Yes, scores on computation tests have dropped 10 percent at one school, but not to worry: "Drilling addition and subtraction in an age of calculators is a waste of time," the principal reassures us. Meanwhile, a Japanese educator informs University of Wisconsin mathematician Richard Akey that in his country, "calculators are not used in elementary or junior high school because the primary emphasis is on helping students develop their mental abilities." No wonder Japanese kids blow the pants off American kids in math. Do we really think "drilling addition and subtraction in an age of calculators is a waste of time"? If we do, then "drilling reading in an age of multimedia is a waste of time" can't be far behind.

Prose-correcting programs are also a little ghoulish, like asking a computer for tips on improving your personality. On the other hand, I ran this article through a spell-checker, so how can I ban the use of such programs in schools? Because to misspell is human; to have no idea of correct spelling is to be semiliterate.

There's no denying that computers have the potential to perform inspiring feats in the classroom. If we are ever to see that potential realized, however, we ought to agree on three conditions. First, there should be a completely new crop of children's software. Most of today's offerings show no imagination. There are hundreds of similar reading and geography and arithmetic programs, but almost nothing on electricity or physics or architecture. Also, they abuse the technical capacities of new media to glitz up old forms instead of creating new ones. Why not build a time-travel program that gives kids a feel for how history is structured by zooming you backward? A spectrum program that lets users twirl a frequency knob to see what happens?

Second, computers should be used only during recess or relaxation periods. Treat them as fillips, not as surrogate teachers. When I was in school in the '60s, we all loved educational films. When we saw a movie in class, everybody won: teachers didn't have to teach, and pupils didn't have to learn. I suspect that classroom computers are popular today for the same reasons.

Most important, educators should learn what parents and most teachers already know: you cannot teach a child anything unless you look him in the face. We should not forget what computers are. Like books—better in some ways, worse in others—they are devices that help children mobilize their own resources and learn for themselves. The computer's potential to do good is modestly greater than a book's in some areas. Its potential to do harm is vastly greater, across the board.

DAVID GELERNTER is a professor of computer science at Yale University.

**An alternative to refugee camps.**

# PITCH THE TENTS

*By Barbara Harrell-Bond*

Once again, this time in Zaire and Tanzania, humanitarian agencies are responding to a refugee crisis by forcing refugees to live in camps as the precondition for receiving relief. Relief programs are built on the notion that these crises are temporary departures from normal life. Nothing could be further from the truth—or more perverse. Forcing refugees into camps actually prevents the reconstruction of social life. It also wreaks environmental havoc and breeds discontent. According to a spokesperson for the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR), the current camps in eastern Zaire, which hold an estimated 800,000 people, are "in a virtual state of war." There are better solutions.

To begin with, it's debatable whether refugee camps even save lives. Crowding refugees together ensures that they are at greater risk to disease. Morbidity and mortality rates escalate. (They are certainly underreported: refugees *try* to conceal deaths to retain food entitlements.) There is not even proof that over the long term the lives of infants who qualify for special feeding are saved.

Not all camps are entirely closed, but where confinement is total, such as the prison camps in Hong Kong, or where camps are so remote that there is no access to alternative food, nutrition-related diseases and high death rates are inevitable. The food supplied is too often inappropriate (milk, for example, a staple of many aid packages, is not universally tolerated) or unfamiliar (canned goods, brown rice, crackers, pasta). Consequently, people do not know how to prepare it. To make matters worse, there are no international standards for what constitutes an adequate diet. Thus, nutrition-related diseases in camps are common. Most recently, there have been epidemics of pellagra in Malawi and, yes, scurvy in the Horn of Africa.

Large concentrations of people also strain the environment. An early report from Tanzania found that Rwandan women from the Benako camp were walking five kilometers for firewood; two weeks later they had to venture fourteen kilometers. Deforestation, of course, leads to ever-greater environmental damage. There are other problems. Water sources, for instance, become polluted; this, in turn, breeds more disease.

And there are less visible effects. Life in camps fosters social and economic vulnerability. The emphasis on per

*continued on page 18*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADELPHI UNIVERSITY
EDUCATION FOR
THE 21st CENTURY.
A.D. OR B.C.
The best way to prepare for the modern world is not to prepare for it.
Now that's fine for us to say, here in our ivory towers above the tree line in Garden City. But what of you?
How will you earn a living after four years exposure at Adelphi to the development and grandeur of Western Civilization?
How will you compete for spots in law school and medical school and MBA programs after devoting untold semester hours to Aristotle, Plato, Augustine, Aquinas, Descartes, Shakespeare, Dante, Locke, and Kant?
How will you discover yourself
Adelphi's curriculum is geared more directly to helping you discover ethic and logic and rhetoric and music ar art and dance and drama and histo and above all: ideas?
How indeed? Well, if you know answer as well as we do, you're our kind of student. And Adelphi is you kind of university, whether your future major is accounting or biolog or social work or pre-law or educatic or physics or math or marketing or whatever.
We invite you to send for more information about Adelphi. It comes in two forms: our ancient, yet lively brochure and our contemporary, ye crystal clear video.
We'll send both if you call (DXV DCCCLXXVII-MMML or call the number below.
ADELPHI UNIVERSIT
THIS IS
THE THIRD AD
IN ADELPHI
UNIVERSITY'S
NEW ADVERTISING
CAMPAIGN.
(AND JUDGING FROM
THE REACTION
TO THE FIRST TWO
IT COULD BE THE LAST
THERE ARE THREE THINGS EVERYONE SHOULD READ BEFORE ENTERING COLLEGE: PLATO'S REPUBLIC, THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ARISTOTLE, AND THIS AD.
AD #1. ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT NOVELISTS WROTE TO COMPLAIN THAT HE HAD TO HAVE THE AD EXPLICATED. ME COULDN'T, HE SAID, FIGURE OUT WHAT WE WERE SELLING HE THOUGHT: MAYBE ARISTOTLE.
WHY THE MOST INTERESTING UNIVERSITY IN THE COUNTRY STOOPS SO LOW AS TO ADVERTISE ITSELF
AD #2. THE ADVERTISING INDUSTRY'S LEADING TRAI LICATION, ADVERTISING AGE, ATTACKED US FOR DEAL WITH ADVERTISING IRREVERENTLY.
DOES ANYBO
NEED AN EDUCA
THIS GOOD
Once, it could be argued that you didn't need an education such as we are talking about here.
The job market was a seller's market. You could study management, for example, and manage quite successfully by managing– because, well, the world was looking for managers.
But today, tomorrow, and the 21st century present a very different set of demands for ourselves and for our children.
A liberal education, once thought too lofty–for its commitment to ideas, to the acquisition of knowledge, to the development of critical intelligence, and to the willingness to ask fundamental questions and derive unsettling answers–by students seeking professional careers, is now at the forefront of their needs, and for very practical reasons.
In a competitive and turbulent global environment, where no job is ever secure and no title can tell you what a position requires, the idea of expertise must include such old-fashioned attributes as versatility, imagination, reliability, and inventiveness.
And we have designed the Core Curriculum at Adelphi to focus on exactly these traditional commitments. The Adelphi
Core is a four-year, t ended but coherent origins, achievements modern condition. It pass on an agreed-up as it is to illuminate and explore the fund our age and its endle
The consequ accordin Peter D faith in beyond backgro educatio difficult their ow learning and act This answer tion abo Curricul need an this radical? We say need an education th only your congressm lawyer, your business partner, your accountant, your daughter, your son, yourself.
A D

# WHAT HAS ALL THIS

Five years ago, Adelphi began an advertising campaign that sought to raise basic questions about higher education in today's world.

Sometimes we used irony to do that, and sometimes we managed to irritate even our best friends, because we did not believe a serious subject need always be approached solemnly.

Yet, at their center, those advertisements reflected a very serious commitment on Adelphi's part to address difficult questions and to hazard imaginative answers – with our Core Curriculum, with our Society of Mentors, and with an educational philosophy that brings the traditions and powers of intellect to bear on the disquieting world facing today's students.

We at Adelphi believe we have the seriousness and boldness required to accomplish what many educators and commentators claim is an impossible task – truly educating today's students, teaching them not only what they must know, but what matters; teaching them the habit

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# HARVARD. THE ADELPHI OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Believe it or not, Harvard actually lives up to this reputation.

Its academic mission is every bit as lofty as Adelphi's: to develop the whole man and the whole woman; to expose students to liberal learning, the 2500-year tradition of Western Civilization; to prepare you for life, not just to occupy your mind for the years between high school and post-pubescence.

Its location in Cambridge, just across the river from Boston, may not promise the Museum of Modern Art, Lincoln Center, Broadway, or the United Nations. But it holds its own against Adelphi's campus, which is less than an hour from New York City.

And don't overlook Harvard's extracurriculars: its century-old clubs and organizations are the stuff of legend, along the lines of the Adelphi athletic department. No less than three Adelphi Panther teams currently hold rankings in the national top ten.

For more information about Harvard, the Adelphi of Massachusetts, call (617) 495-1551.

For a brochure and video about Adelphi, the Adelphi of New York, call (516) 663-1100. You'll also receive a free "Harvard, the Adelphi of Massachusetts" t-shirt. But hurry. As they say in advertising, supplies are limited.

ADELPHI UNIVERSITY

*Garden City, New York 11530. (516) 663-1100. For application materials and a video, write or call.*

# THERE ARE THREE THINGS EVERYONE SHOULD READ BEFORE ENTERING COLLEGE:

## PLATO'S REPUBLIC, THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ARISTOTLE, AND THIS AD.

Not so fast.

If you think you can get away with ignoring the first two works and get right into this ad, stop. Rip this page out and stick it in your sock drawer.

Don't read this ad until you've first savored Plato. And discovered Aristotle, if not the complete works at least the incomplete collection, maybe the *Ethics* or the *Politics*.

Then you'll be able to deal with the Madison Avenue manipulators who market universities the same way they market sausages or deodorant soap.

Your mind will then be keen enough to dismiss the vapid slogans that university marketers conjure up to attract you, the consumers, who enter the education marketplace each spring. Slogans also designed to soothe parents whose checks enter the universities' treasuries each autumn.

(Used to be a school's slogan would be a nice Latin phrase such as *lux et veritas* or *semper paratus* or *ut omnes te cognoscant*. Now we get corporate gobbledy-gook like: People making successful people ever more successful, successfully).

If you're heading for business school, for example, you'll not only note the obvious: how many successful graduates in all fields that Adelphi can point to. You'll also investigate what you can learn at Adelphi besides LIFO, FIFO, and the other Principles of Accounting. What is it that a liberal arts environment imparts that a trade school can't?

The same is true of the psychology student or the communications major. Or the pre-law and pre-med students who are, after all, students of the Arts and Sciences, respectively.

When you visit our school, ask to see a dean, even the President. (The President of Adelphi still teaches his philosophy class every Thursday at 5:10 PM. If you drop in with an inquiring mind, he'll welcome you, albeit argumentatively).

The premise of Adelphi is that all students (whether of nursing, psychology, business, the humanities, the physical sciences, education, the fine arts) deserve the opportunity to enrich themselves by exposure to ideas.

Now: will your day-to-day involvement in those ideas make you a better investment banker? Or social worker? Or lawyer? Or high school teacher? Or nurse? Or statesman? Or accountant? Or psychologist? Or doctor? Does a liberal education make a difference in one's ability to make a living in 20th Century America, not to mention 21st Century America?

Yes. And we believe a profound difference. It has done that for 2,500 years in every corner of the world. It will be no less efficacious today in the Western Hemisphere, in the United States, on Long Island 45 minutes from Manhattan and a five-block stroll from the Nassau Blvd. station of the Long Island Railroad.

Now that you've removed this ad from your sock drawer, there are three more things to do before entering college. One, give us a call. Two, read our publications and look at our video. And three, visit our campus and say hello.

ADELPHI UNIVERSITY

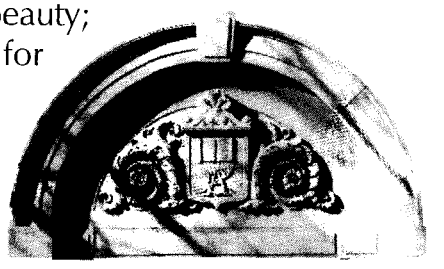
*Garden City, NY 11530. (516) 663-1100. For application materials and a video, write or call.*

# BEEN LEADING TO?

of reflection, the ability to discriminate, the love of learning and beauty; and teaching them, too, the practical knowledge indispensable for professional life.

And so, we have founded a new school, a college that takes the promises and commitments of those early advertisements and the successful programs that lay behind them to a new stage. Soon we will begin placing a series of advertisements that celebrate and explain this innovative venture.

This new college is called the Honors College at Adelphi. For more information, call 1-800-ADELPHI. And watch this space for our new advertising campaign.



ADELPHI UNIVERSITY

GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK 11530 1-800-ADELPHI

A Commitment to Intellect

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

capita distribution of assistance—and not allocation based on need—undermines the values that hold society together, such as cooperation, sharing and reciprocity. Over the long term, even skills acquired over generations for coping with crises are lost, such as knowledge of wild foods. Moreover, the manner in which camps are administered—sanctions enforce conformity, food is withdrawn if rules are violated—encourages passivity; the lack of autonomy engenders hopelessness.

Camps also make it hard for refugees to settle in the countries to which they have fled. Targeting aid exclusively for refugees, and thereby ignoring the needs of the local population, breeds resentment from locals. At the same time, camp life prevents refugees from learning the language, customs and social and economic skills they will need to survive in their new environment once aid has been withdrawn—as it inevitably is.

Refugee encampments are also thought to have a socially stabilizing effect. Wrong. Camps can be incredibly violent: aid workers had to flee Bukavu in late August after refugees threatened them with axes and machetes. Witness, too, the chaos in the Guantanamo Bay compounds. What's more, camps are breeding grounds for a highly politicized, and often destabilizing, collective consciousness. The invasion of Rwanda, it should be remembered, was launched from camps in Uganda, not from Tanzania, where Tutsi refugees have been living among the native population for more than thirty years.

In 1992 more than 50 percent of the Tutsi refugees interviewed in Tanzania had begun the process of naturalization. It could have been that way in Uganda, too. Interviews I conducted with Tutsis there in 1986 suggested that many would have accepted Ugandan citizenship. Would it not have been better for the international community to have capitalized on the climate created by Yoweri Museveni's new government and encouraged Uganda to adopt Tanzania's policy? Would it not have been cheaper, if only in terms of money, to have provided an aid package to develop the southwest portion of Uganda? None of this happened, however, because the UNHCR, since the early 1980s, has been promoting repatriation. But repatriation isn't best for everybody, especially those who are being sent back into a war zone. Had the U.N. not been obsessed with this policy, had the Tutsis been allowed to integrate into Ugandan society, this year's carnage might never have occurred.

Why, given the evidence, do humanitarian organizations persist in establishing refugee camps? And why do they do so despite the fact that most refugees do not live in camps and do not receive international assistance? The vast majority receive the initial relief they need from local institutions (churches, mosques, individual contributions); most survive by dint of their capacity to co-exist with locals. Refugees turn to camps only as a last resort—when, for example, they've lost a truck or a sewing machine or another capital good that helped them survive on their own. In Africa, it is estimated that between 60 percent and 75 percent of the continent's refugees have never lived in camps and have never received international assistance. In Thailand most of the Hmong, who fled from Laos, live outside camps. Or take the Palestinians, for whom the camps stand as the symbol of their right of return. After forty years most have moved out of camps, without the slightest hint of dilution of their refugee status. Despite this, most of the budget of the U.N. agency set up to assist registered Palestinian refugees is spent on camps.

If the goal of assisting refugees is to maintain their ability to be self-sufficient, then aid should follow refugees rather than forcing refugees to follow the aid. With international assistance and technical support, host governments could be encouraged to view an influx of refugees as an opportunity rather than as a problem. This is not as impossible as it sounds. Refugees have helped spark the economies of their host countries. In Cyprus, they started a housing boom. Tibetans brought a carpet industry to Nepal, and today the trade is the country's largest source of foreign exchange; it also employs more Nepalese than Tibetans.

Even more than this, refugee policy must become more flexible, something that can't be accomplished if the United Nations and other aid organizations focus all their efforts on camps. Think what a change a more creative response would have made in Sudan. In the late 1980s Ugandan refugees fled into an underdeveloped, underpopulated region of southern Sudan. They brought cattle with them. Flexible assistance might have helped the Ugandans set up a beef industry. Aid organizations, in cooperation with the Sudanese government, could have brought the land back into production. Sadly, this didn't happen: all the resources went for camps. The result? No veterinary services were provided. Many cattle died, more were sold and, once the herds were gone, their owners had no choice but to enter the camps. Because the settlements were in areas contaminated by tsetse flies, many Ugandans succumbed to sleeping sickness and died.

There are other stories. After only one growing season, self-settled Ugandan refugees were such successful farmers that their produce overwhelmed their district market. At the same time, the regional capital of Juba, afflicted by drought, was having emergency food flown in from Khartoum. Refugees and locals on the Ugandan border, 200 miles from Juba by road, attempted to cut with manual labor a more direct route through to the town. They were not successful. Had the aid community spent money on bridges, trucks and storage facilities—and not on camps—the local and refugee communities would have benefited.

It goes on. Eager to make refugees self-sufficient, humanitarian agencies equipped thirty camps with expensive carpentry tools. As soon as the agencies' demand for school furniture dried up, the machinery rusted, while the six local carpenters continued to meet all the existing demand for carpentry products in the district. Yet, again in Juba, UNHCR and other agencies were *importing* furniture. Many of the refugees had worked in furniture factories in Uganda, one had even



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTRODUCING AMERICA'S MOST SOPHISTICATED JAZZ MONTHLY. START WITH A

# Free JAZZ MAGAZINE.
# Free JAZZ CD.

With NO Obligation...No Risk... And NOTHING MORE TO BUY, EVER!

(See details below)

- **Exclusive Jazziz CD and Magazine**
- **Hear 10 New Jazz Artists Every Month**
- **Plus FREE CD Buying Service**

**Here's Good News If You Enjoy Jazz Music.**

The sultry, smooth sound of today's jazz has may faces. From the heart-stopping wail of the blues to the frenetic beat of world music to the sidestreet swing of hip hop, this is the music that has the power to transform and capture the spirit. Now there's an easy, one-of-a-kind way for you to stay on top of what's happening in Jazz and keep up with your favorite artists and their latest recordings–it's called JAZZIZ Magazine. We're making this generous free offer to introduce our program to people like you who really love jazz music.

*(Over, please...)*

FOR THIS SPECIAL OFFER, CALL TOLL FREE:

**1-800-492-4455**

**Dept. JD7**

Mail to:
JAZZIZ Music Service,
P.O. Box 61036, Tampa, FL 33661-1036

JAZZIZ

☐ Please send me my free copy of JAZZIZ Magazine plus my FREE CD or cassette. Bill me for just shipping and handling. Thereafter, I will receive JAZZIZ Magazine and an exclusive CD or cassette every month. As a subscriber to this special offer, I will always be guaranteed the low monthly price of $3.98 plus shipping and handling for as long as I remain an active member in the program. I may also receive up to four times a year, special issues guaranteed at the same low price plus shipping and handling. I have no obligation to buy anything and I may cancel at any time.

☐ Check here if you prefer your monthly recording on cassettes.

**SPECIAL BBC CLASSICAL MUSIC OFFER**

☐ Yes, please also send me every month, the exclusive BBC classical music magazine and CD for the low price of $3.98 plus shipping and handling. I will be guaranteed this low price as long as I remain an active member.

(Limited to new members only) (G4)

Name (please print)

Address Apt. #

City State Zip

( ) Phone Age

Have you bought anything by mail in the last: ☐ 6 months ☐ 1 year ☐ Never

Do you have a credit card? ☐ Yes ☐ No

We reserve the right to ask for additional information, reject any application, or cancel any membership. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery of first issue. Limited to new members; one membership per family. Local tax, if any, will be added. In Canada $5.98 Canadian plus shipping and handling and GST.

JD7 (J2)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

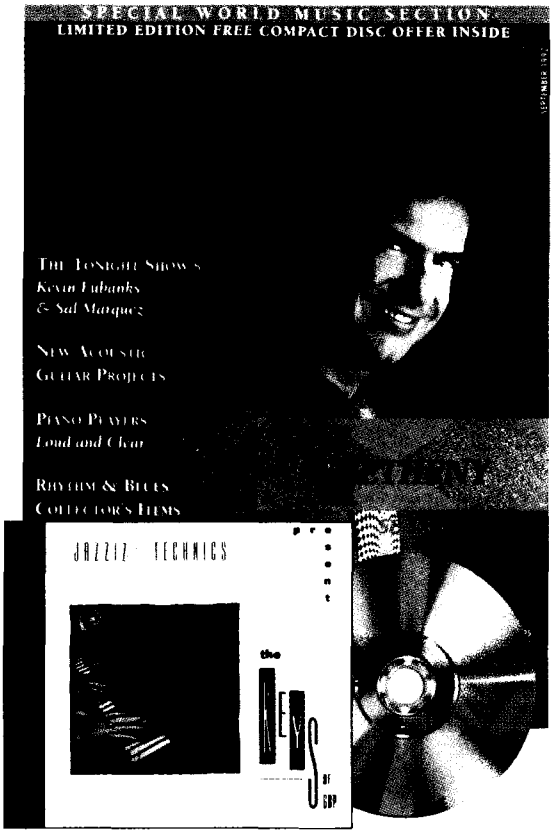
# Free JAZZ MAGAZINE.
# Free JAZZ CD.

*With NO Obligation... No Risk...*
*And NOTHING MORE TO BUY, EVER!*

Rebirth of the Cool. The new ultimate Jazz Music Program with features not available anywhere else.

**1. Exciting Magazine**
JAZZIZ Magazine gives you an exclusive look into the world of Jazz. Enjoy intimate, friendly chats with superstars like Harry Connick, Jr., Wynton and Branford Marsalis, Kenny G, David Sanborn, Quincy Jones, Herbie Hancock, Pat Metheny, Bob James and many others. Linger over page after page of photographs, features and articles. And get in on the latest sounds with JAZZIZ's album review section–featuring over 100-in depth album reviews every month. And the first issue is your FREE!

**2. Exclusive JAZZIZ CD Every Month**
Each month with every issue of JAZZIZ Magazine, you will also receive a full-length Compact Disc or Cassette that is not available anywhere else. This exclusive music offer features new releases from a variety of hot jazz artists–the people shaping the world of jazz music today. And remember, like your first issue of JAZZIZ Magazine, your first CD or Cassette is FREE.




**3. A Personal Jazz Music Buying Service**
You may order CDs and Cassettes reviewed in JAZZIZ Magazine, if you wish. A convenient way to shop, but never an obligation. Plus, you will also receive special offers to get concert merchandise like t-shirts, sweatshirts, watches, posters, caps and more.

**Satisfaction Guaranteed!**
Simply call the toll-free number or fill out and return the attached reply card for your free copy of JAZZIZ Magazine and your FREE CD or Cassette. Listen to the music, read the magazine and if you're not completely satisfied for any reason at all, return them with no further obligation.

**EXCLUSIVE CD/MAGAZINE NOT AVAILABLE IN STORES**

***JAZZIZ—***
**Exciting Monthly Magazine**
**Exclusive CD**
**Interviews**
**Reviews & Ratings**
**Artist Profiles**
**New Technology**
**Traditions**
**World Music**
**Contemporary**

**Guaranteed Price Protection:**
You will always be guaranteed the low price of $3.98 plus shipping and handling every month for both the magazine and CD for as long as you remain an active member in the program.

FOR THIS SPECIAL OFFER, CALL TOLL FREE:

**1-800-492-5588**

**Dept. JD7**

A COMPLETE MONTHLY GUIDE TO JAZZ MUSIC

NO POSTAGE NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

**BUSINESS REPLY MAIL**
FIRST CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 22 TAMPA, FL.

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

**JAZZIZ MUSIC SERVICE**
**BOX 61036**
**TAMPA FL 33661-1036**

© 1994 Warner Music Enterprises

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been an owner-manager. Why could these skilled Ugandans not establish a furniture factory in Juba? The answer: refugees must stay in camps.

"We are so busy saving lives," one aid worker told me recently, "that by the time we get around to thinking, we have made so many mistakes it is too late." In the chaos of responding to human disasters, such as those that have afflicted Africa recently, some mistakes are inevitable. Others are not. And of these, the most dangerous is our blind reliance on camps and our fixation on repatriation.

BARBARA HARRELL-BOND is founder and director of the Refugee Studies Program at Oxford University.

**Sharpton vs. Moynihan.**

# THE CLASH

*By Jim Sleeper*

"One night in South Africa, I came home from Nelson Mandela's inauguration, turned on the T.V. and saw Moynihan in the funeral procession for Richard Nixon," thundered the Rev. Al Sharpton to the New York State Democratic Convention in Buffalo in June, where he hyped his Senate campaign against Daniel Patrick Moynihan. "He was helping to bury Richard Nixon, while I was helping to bury apartheid. Both of us were where our lives had led us!"

It was classic Sharpton: a political dart laced with racial overtones. Sharpton's rhetoric blends the language and cunning of a typical American political rogue with an arsenal stocked with centuries of black oppression. It is a fascinating weapon he rarely hesitates to brandish. With the help of New York City's sensationalist, diversity-crazed media, Sharpton has refined to a martial art the hurling of racially charged japes at liberals who, as he puts it, have betrayed "the left out and the locked out."

For the moment, Moynihan is his preferred target. "I doubt that Senator Moynihan could have a conversation with a black teenager and, when it was over, either one of them know they were on the same planet," Sharpton told a state commission on youth crime last fall. That was months before Moynihan suggested that rising numbers of out-of-wedlock births to teenage mothers could lead to what biologists call "speciation." In July, when Moynihan declined to contest Sharpton's petition signatures under New York's byzantine ballot-access laws, the challenger retorted, "Maybe he'll change his mind now that he's decided I'm a member of a different species." No one recalled that Sharpton had likened Moynihan to an alien.

Beneath his litany of Rainbow Coalition pieties, Sharpton virtually copies, on the left, the perverse racial spitefulness of an Alfonse D'Amato on the right. Indeed, Sharpton, who had endorsed D'Amato for Senate in 1986, smoothed the way for his re-election in 1992 by undermining Democratic nominee Robert Abrams, a civil rights liberal whose misfortune it had been to cross Sharpton as special prosecutor in the Tawana Brawley case. (Black voters who had turned out heavily for Sharpton that year in his primary against Abrams sat on their hands in November.)

Sharpton's tactics not only helped sink Abrams in 1992; they have Governor Mario Cuomo quaking in his contest against D'Amato's protégé, likely Republican nominee George Pataki. After lunching with state GOP chief William Powers, Sharpton set about starting an independent, "progressive," black-led Freedom Party, whose gubernatorial candidate might siphon votes from Cuomo. Though the party didn't get off the ground, the threat of it brought Cuomo to a Sharpton rally hours after the preacher's attack on Moynihan at the state convention. Cuomo told the gathering he was "honored" to have been invited by a man "whose voice being raised is a very good thing.... I welcome him to the fray."

Sharpton expects to carry 95 percent of the black vote against Moynihan in the September 13 primary; even without his party, he can "suppress" the black vote against Cuomo in November with a wink and a nod. With support from some Hispanics and the anti-Moynihan left, he may carry 25 percent of Democrats statewide. But Sharpton's election returns have little to do with his influence as a politician. Like Jesse Jackson, whom he once criticized for being "an airplane with no airport to land in," Sharpton needn't win an election. He can be a kingbreaker among Democrats simply by corralling black votes—11 percent of the electorate in New York. Already, he is a kind of county leader; his jurisdiction is every black church pulpit from Buffalo to Brooklyn. When the primary and the general election against Republican sofa queen Bernadette Castro are over, Moynihan still will be senator, Cuomo may or may not be governor and Sharpton will control black politics in New York.

New York has five political parties, and Sharpton seemingly embraces and rejects them all, depending on where he happens to be at the moment. In December he was the warm-up act for Louis Farrakhan at the Jacob Javits Convention Center in Manhattan. ("Don't care who's mad; we're glad! We will not be separated!" he preached.) In January came his noises about a third party. In February he announced his Democratic primary campaign, invoking Farrakhan along with Martin Luther King Jr. At lunch with Sharpton recently, I suggested playfully that he even has a streak of Jewish liberalism. "I agree," he said solemnly. He explained that the Freedom Party was meant to be a "progressive" counterweight to the Liberal Party, which had angered black voters by backing Rudolph Giuliani over David Dinkins in 1993. This year the Liberals are backing Moynihan and Cuomo against the Republicans,

*continued on page 22*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Princeton

## WE ALL LOST THE COLD WAR

Richard Ned Lebow and Janice Gross Stein

Drawing on recently declassified documents and extensive interviews with Soviet and American policymakers, Ned Lebow and Janice Stein conclude that the strategy of deterrence prolonged rather than ended the conflict between the superpowers.

"They've got it just right. It is a dangerous conclusion that the West won the Cold War. The argument that one side won the Cold War is mistaken. We all lost the Cold War. . . ."
—Mikhail Gorbachev

Cloth: $35.00 ISBN 0-691-03308-0

## FORGING AMERICAN COMMUNISM

The Life of William Z. Foster

Edward P. Johanningsmeier

"No American better deserved the title of Stalinist than William Z. Foster. . . . Yet as Edward P. Johanningsmeier describes in his well-researched, scholarly biography, Communism was just the second act in the life of this uncompromising American radical. . . . valuable as a study of Foster the union tactician, the party infighter, the dogmatic propagandist."
—*New York Times Book Review*

Cloth: $29.95 ISBN 0-691-03331-5

## THE THERAPY OF DESIRE

Theory and Practice in Hellenistic Ethics

Martha C. Nussbaum

"A scholarly and beautifully written account. . . . [Nussbaum] writes with a mixture of passion and delicacy on the one hand, professional scholarship on the other—a blend that in itself expresses her concept of philosophy as practical, compassionate, and inclusive."
—*Kirkus Reviews*

Cloth: $29.95 ISBN 0-691-03342-0

## RETHINKING SCHOOL CHOICE

Limits of the Market Metaphor

Jeffrey R. Henig

"School choice" is a much-discussed and hotly contested issue. However, much of what passes for information in most discussions is actually a mixture of opinion, conjecture, and wishful thinking. *Rethinking School Choice* cuts through the cant. Here Jeffrey Henig takes a cool-headed view of this complex issue, presenting readers with a comprehensive background and a lucid overview.

Cloth: $24.95 ISBN 0-691-03347-1

## CHILDREN OF CHOICE

Freedom and the New Reproductive Technologies

John A. Robertson

Cloning, genetic screening, embryo freezing, in vitro fertilization—these are the technologies revolutionizing our reproductive landscape. In this wide-ranging account, John Robertson, a leading legal bioethicist, goes to the heart of issues that are redefining family, parenthood, the experience of pregnancy, and life itself.

"Robertson has written as elegant a case for reproductive rights as one is likely to find for many years to come."
—Daniel Callahan, President, The Hastings Center

Cloth: $29.95 ISBN 0-691-03353-6

## IN AN AGE OF EXPERTS

The Transformation of Professionalism in America

Steven Brint

". . . a definitive work on the politics of professionals. It should be must reading for those interested in professionals, but also for anyone concerned with what has been happening in American politics."—Seymour Martin Lipset

Cloth: $29.95 ISBN 0-691-03399-4


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Available in paperback

## QUIET REVOLUTION IN THE SOUTH

The Impact of the Voting Rights Act, 1965-1990

Edited by Chandler Davidson and Bernard Grofman

This work is the first systematic attempt to measure the impact of the Voting Rights Act of 1965, commonly regarded as the most effective civil rights legislation of the century.

"*Quiet Revolution* is the most important work ever written on the impact of the Voting Rights Act."
—J. Morgan Kousser, author of *The Shaping of Southern Politics*

Paper: $24.95 ISBN 0-691-02108-2
Cloth: $75.00 ISBN 0-691-03247-5

## ADAM SMITH GOES TO MOSCOW

A Dialogue on Radical Reform

Walter Adams and James W. Brock

*With a foreword by Robert Heilbroner*

"A fascinating conversation between an Eastern European statesman who has read Adam Smith and an American economist who knows how to use a Russian proverb to make a point."
—William F. Sharpe, Nobel Laureate in Economics

Now in paper: $12.95 ISBN 0-691-00053-0

## MAKING DEMOCRACY WORK

Civic Traditions in Modern Italy

Robert D. Putnam

*With Robert Leonardi and Raffaella Y. Nanetti*

"Seminal, epochal, path-breaking: All those overworked words apply to a book that, to make the point brazenly, is a *Democracy in America* for our times."
—*The Nation*

"A great work of social science, worthy to rank alongside de Tocqueville, Pareto, and Weber. . . ."
—*The Economist*

Now in paper: $14.95 ISBN 0-691-03738-8

*With a new epilogue*

## GERMANY DIVIDED

From the Wall to Reunification

A. James McAdams

*Germany Divided* remains one of the most thought-provoking and comprehensive interpretations of the forty-year relationship between East and West Germany and of the problems of contemporary German unity.

". . . a notable analysis of the two Germanys and how they became one."—*Publishers Weekly*

Now in paper: $14.95 ISBN 0-691-00108-1

*Expanded edition*

## MULTICULTURALISM

Charles Taylor

With commentary by
K. Anthony Appiah, Jürgen Habermas, Steven C. Rockefeller, Michael Walzer, and Susan Wolf

*Edited and introduced by Amy Gutmann*

A new edition of the highly acclaimed book *Multiculturalism and "The Politics of Recognition,"* this paperback brings together an even wider range of leading philosophers and social scientists to probe the political controversy surrounding multiculturalism.

"*Multiculturalism* . . . is packed with depth, intelligence, and (to revive an old-fashioned word) wisdom. . . ."
—*The Times Higher Education Supplement*

Now in paper: $12.95 ISBN 0-691-03779-5

## THE LINCOLN PERSUASION

Remaking American Liberalism

J. David Greenstone

In this, his last work, J. David Greenstone provides an important new analysis of American liberalism and of Lincoln's unique contribution to the nation's political life.

"A complex, fascinating, and illuminating book."
—Father Andrew Greeley, *Chicago Sun-Times*

Now in paper: $13.95 ISBN 0-691-03764-7

# Princeton University Press

AVAILABLE AT FINE BOOKSTORES OR DIRECTLY FROM THE PUBLISHER: 609-883-1759


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but Sharpton insists the party's members are patronage hunters who betray true liberal values.

When Cuomo got heat from Jewish political leaders for attending Sharpton's rally, panicky columnists loyal to the governor assured readers that Jesse Jackson and Sharpton (who chairs the Rainbow Coalition's Ministers' Division) would "confront" Farrakhan's separatism at then NAACP President Ben Chavis's Baltimore summit. There was no such confrontation, and, alas for Sharpton's apologists, his National Action Network recently presented Khallid Abdul Muhammad with a $1,000 check at a rally in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn. Sharpton, who was touring Rwanda at the time, returned to declare that he and Jackson would boycott Chavis's second summit, which they did on August 22.

Mightn't nervous Democrats be better off rebuffing Sharpton instead of courting him? The thought seems never to have occurred to Abrams or Cuomo. Though Abrams had prosecuted Sharpton unsuccessfully for tax evasion, he was obsequious in their 1992 Senate primary debates. "I'm afraid I have to disagree with my friend the Rev. Sharpton," Abrams began a rebuttal in a televised debate. "I'm afraid I have to disagree that we're friends," Sharpton interrupted haughtily, winning the round. For his part, Cuomo insists, "I'm trying to do more than win an election; I'm trying to govern. What I try to do with all these people who've attacked me, as Al Sharpton has, is to be less judgmental and more constructive. I say, 'You can be a strong, effective voice.' "

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

It was Giuliani who showed Democrats a better way. When Sharpton tried to mediate a police incident at a Harlem mosque in January, Giuliani ejected him. Sharpton, a master at being rebuffed, generated a brief media storm—*The New York Times*'s Alan Finder profiled the preacher—but Giuliani's firmness worked, and Sharpton faded away.

Moynihan is following Giuliani's precedent by refusing to debate Sharpton. His deep, if unspoken, contempt for his challenger has as much to do with his own personal history as with political calculation. Unlike Cuomo, Moynihan can win his primary and general election races without black votes. But Moynihan has feelings as well as political interests, and Sharpton offends him because the story of family breakdown that he accuses Moynihan of "telling on blacks" is really Moynihan's own. Both men were abandoned at the age of 10 by their fathers, whom they never saw again. Both fell abruptly from comfortable suburban childhoods to inner-city poverty. "It's not about race, it's about class," Moynihan insists, and, to a point, the evidence backs him up.

The protean Sharpton, a famous "boy preacher," latched on to a series of remarkable mentors: the singer James Brown, politician-entrepreneur Percy Sutton, boxing promoter Don King, the young Jesse Jackson. Moynihan tended bar and shined shoes; last year he told students at his old high school in East Harlem that he learned about Pearl Harbor from a man whose shoes he was shining on Central Park West. He went on to City College, the Navy and, eventually, the London School of Economics courtesy of a Fulbright.

Sharpton told the *Times*'s Todd Purdum that Moynihan "rose to fame talking about the black family, while I'm a broken family product." But it is Sharpton who used his gift for "talking" and his blackness to become an ersatz tribune of the downtrodden; it is Moynihan who shined other men's shoes. Abrams's and Cuomo's childhoods were scarcely less humble, their ascents scarcely less steep. Yet they've let Sharpton's charges of racism cancel their histories and chill their pride. They seem to have forgotten how to insist that it's about class. In that failure of nerve lies the failure of liberal democratic culture itself.

"There's a lot of anger in the black community," Sharpton says. "If I'm able to organize that anger into the political process, that's all to the good." To Sharpton's good, anyway. The angrier white Democrats become over his assaults on Moynihan and other party standard-bearers, the more black supporters love his defiance. They backed his losing bid in 1992

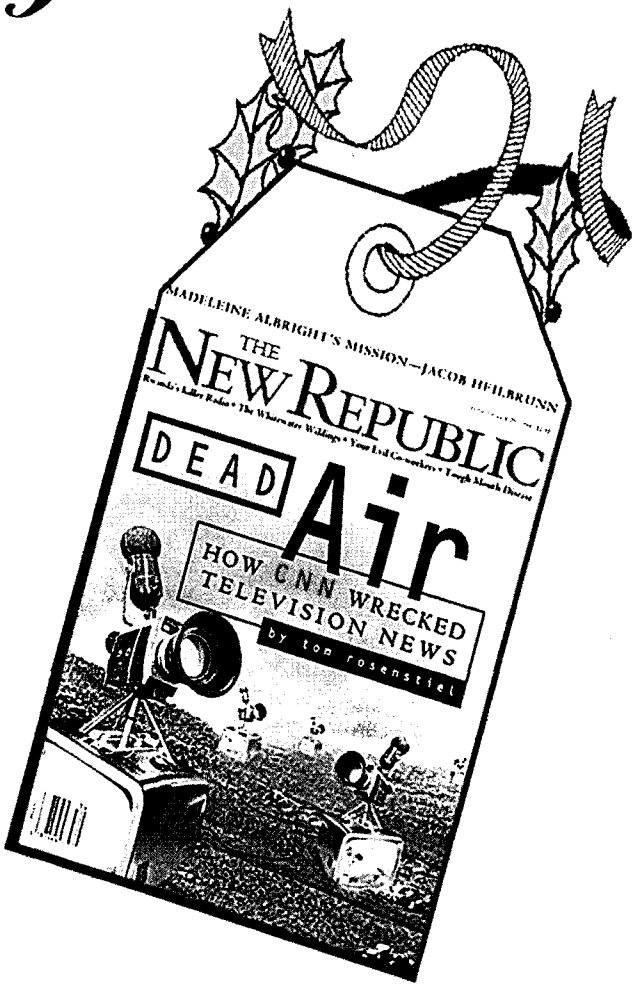


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *The Perfect Gift...*

# THE NEW REPUBLIC

*Give the nation's hottest journal of politics, ideas, and culture and take advantage of our special Holiday Savings*




**Act Now** to save 36% off the regular subscription rate for each gift–$69.97 for the first gift (or your own renewal)–just $44.95 for each additional gift!

Offer expires **Dec. 31, 1994**

## CALL 1-800-827-1289 FOR FASTEST SERVICE

❑ Include my own subscription at special holiday rates: ❑ New ❑ Renewal
❑ Payment enclosed ❑ Bill me later
❑ Please charge my: ❑ Visa ❑ MasterCard ❑ American Express

Account # _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

*Gift cards will be sent in your name. NEW gifts begin with the first January issue. Renewed subscriptions take effect after current subscription expires.*

FROM:

_____
MY NAME (please print)

_____
ADDRESS

_____
CITY/STATE/ZIP

Canada add $15/year; Foreign add $30/year; per gift. Foreign must be prepaid.

*Return this coupon to:*

THE NEW REPUBLIC
P.O. Box 602
Mt. Morris, IL 61054

GIFT FOR:

_____
NAME(please print)

_____
ADDRESS

_____
CITY/STATE/ZIP

GIFT FOR:

_____
NAME (please print)

_____
ADDRESS

_____
CITY/STATE/ZIP

NTA941

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Dinkins's losing campaign in 1993. If they back Sharpton even more heavily now, and then absent themselves from Cuomo's battle in November, they will only further isolate themselves in a state that neither Sharpton nor the liberals accommodating him will control.

JIM SLEEPER is a political columnist for *The New York Daily News.*

## Does city planning make us fat?

# DON'T WALK

*By Joel Garreau*

Edge Cities, or technoburbs, are now being blamed for Americans getting fat. Unlike the old downtowns, there are few sidewalks in these new urban agglomerations going up in places like Schaumburg, Illinois, computerdom's Route 128, Massachussetts, and Irvine, California. Therefore, the argument goes, Americans are discouraged from walking.

Hooey. Only the strong survive in Edge City, as anyone who has sprinted across ten lanes of traffic to get from a Ritz Carlton to the nearest Bennigan's can attest. But there is just enough truth to this proposition to offer you an opportunity to get so rich you can hire a live-in personal trainer. Just get aerial maps of places like the Perimeter Center north of Atlanta, the Galleria in Dallas or the Purchase/Rye region of New York. More about this anon.

But first, let us consider walking as transportation, and how Americans feel about it.

We hate it. In 1798 Louis Philippe, the Duc d'Orleans, wrote: "An American will never walk if he can ride." 1798. We Americans are a practical people. We do not really have anything against walking per se. We just recognize it as a miserable form of transportation. We know it is really recreation, like bicycling. Walking takes time, and time is something we rarely have enough of. We happily trade money for time. That's why we invented the automobile. And the elevator.

For the 8,000 years humans have built cities, our settlements have been shaped by whatever the state-of-the-art transportation device was at the time. When it was shoe-leather and donkeys, you got Jerusalem. When the residents of Paris got rich enough for carriages, they hired Baron Haussmann to pave the city. The real breakthrough, of course, came in 1915, when the one-millionth Model T rolled off the assembly line. Americans never again built another sidewalked downtown from scratch. Detroit was the last one.

Walking is inefficient. We avoid walking not because we are sloths. Developers know that Americans will gladly drive one mile to a fitness center in order to then run ten. Now, running is great. Running quickly staves off heart attacks. That's why there are miles of jogging trails around Edge City. Developers know that they can charge high rents if they include jogging trails as part of the "amenity package" in corporate campuses. In fact, they know a real slam dunk is to stick an air-conditioned gym in the basement. We think that's wonderful. Put a stationary running machine in it. That's the real way to get nowhere fast. Not walking.

Sidewalks? Who needs 'em? Sidewalks are usually in the plan for any residential suburb. But they frequently do not get built because developers sooner or later go broke. It's a law of nature. When that happens, the unimportant is dropped from the plan. What purpose do sidewalks serve, after all, but to attract the dreaded skateboarder?

The only people who really seem to mind are planners. But you know the definition of a public planner? Somebody who looks at a perfectly functional landscape and asks whether it can possibly work in theory.

Developers, on the other hand, being the practical greedheads that they are, realize that if they have to build a landscape that requires us to walk, it will take millions of dollars worth of trickery to con us into using it. That's why the first law of mall designers is, "Thou shalt break their line of sight." They never want us to see how far it is to the next anchor store, for it may be a quarter-mile. They know if we ever found that out, we'd do the sensible thing: return to the parking lot and drive to the other end of the complex. The problem is, we might get in our cars and keep on going.

That's what the designers are deathly afraid of. They don't mind us driving. But they hate our leaving without having made a significant contribution to the mall's coffers. That's why they design environments that are so pedestrian-friendly that now the standard amusement among the retirement set is early-morning walks in the safe, clean, comfortable, well-lit, landscaped mall. (In some small towns, the mall is the nicest building there is. People get married in them.)

This drives planners nuts. But I think planners are like those people who think if they eat standing up, the calories don't count. Planners think strolling indoors in a comfortably climate-controlled environment doesn't count as walking. To them it's not a "pedestrian environment" unless you're being assaulted by slush out on a sidewalk.

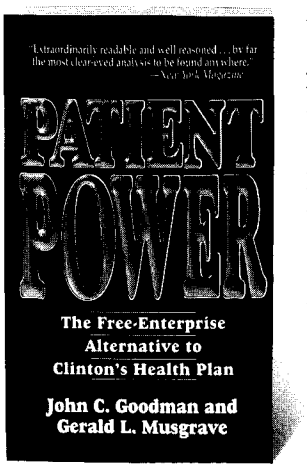
Hard to guess why planners are so hostile to ingenious American solutions to tough problems. Only thing I can figure: public planners are trained to believe the Italian hill towns and the Left Bank of Paris are the world's most charming places, which is probably true. The difficulty reproducing them in the United States is that they are Mediterranean environments. Bulletin: the weather in North America is The Pits. Normal is either 110° in Phoenix, or ten below in Chicago. That's why when we build extensive walkway labyrinths linking hundreds of buildings, we frequently do it either under-



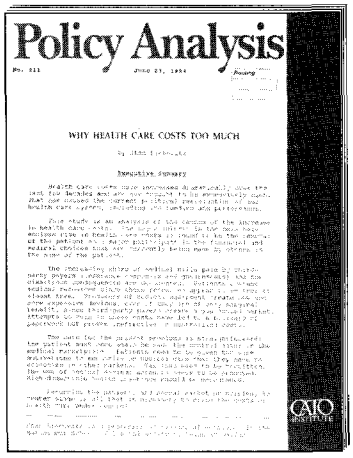
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

• *The Cato Health Care Library* •

# A Comprehensive Case for Free-Market Health Policy Reform


"Extraordinarily readable and well reasoned . . . by far the most clear-eyed analysis to be found anywhere."
PATIENT POWER
The Free-Enterprise Alternative to Clinton's Health Plan
John C. Goodman and Gerald L. Musgrave

**"In Medical Savings Accounts, Goodman and Musgrave have hit upon a bold concept that may revolutionize the way health care is delivered throughout America."**
**—Sen. Phil Gramm**



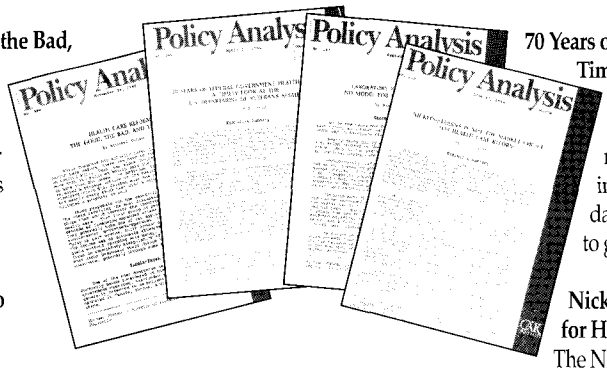

**How we could save $300 billion a year in health care costs**

The biggest problem in U.S. health care is that consumers pay only about 20 percent of the costs directly so they have little incentive to shop wisely and hold costs down. The "Patient Power" plan would create tax-free Medical Savings Accounts to give consumers more clout. 135 pp./$4.95.

*Or get the comprehensive version of* **Patient Power:** *673 pp., $16.95.*

*Why Health Care Costs Too Much*
by Stan Liebowitz
Empirical evidence shows that when consumers pay for their own health care, they spend cautiously; and costs rise much more slowly than when government or other third parties pay most of the costs. 27 pp./$4.00

## • Cato Institute policy studies on health care, $4.00 each •




**Health Care Reform: The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly** by Michael Tanner
Analyzes single-payer systems, managed competition, the Heritage Foundation's "consumer choice" plan, and Medical Savings Accounts as possible reforms. 29 pp.

**Laboratory Failure: States Are No Model for Health Care Reform**
by Michael Tanner
The reforms implemented by Hawaii, Oregon, New York, and other states should not be a model for national health care reform. 36 pp.

**70 Years of Federal Government Health Care: A Timely Look at the U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs** by Robert E. Bauman
The federal government's record in managing the largest health care system in the nation should caution us about the dangers of turning more health care over to government management. 27 pp.

**Nickles-Stearns Is Not the Market Choice for Health Care Reform** by Tom Miller
The Nickles-Stearns bill supported by many conservatives is not a free-market reform: it would mandate insurance purchases and have the government define a standard benefits package. 42 pp.

To order *Patient Power* or other Cato studies,
**call toll-free 1-800-767-1241**
(Monday-Friday, noon to 9 p.m. EDT)

Cato Institute
1000 Massachusetts Ave. NW
Washington, D.C. 20001

CATO INSTITUTE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *Solid citizens*

If President Clinton thought he could find solace at home on August 25, the day the Senate quashed any hopes for major health care reform this year, he was sorely mistaken. Outside the White House, 150 protesters from the National Association to Advance Fat Acceptance (NAAFA) were beating the pavement. "Stand up and fight for our health care rights!" they chanted. Fat people, explained the yellow pamphlet they distributed, are discriminated against by insurers who mistakenly assume that obesity is a sign of bad health. "END FAT OPPRESSION IN HEALTH CARE," blared one protester's placard. "CIVIL RIGHTS EQUALS ONE SIZE FITS ALL," went another. But after twenty minutes the march began to fizzle, as nearly half the protesters sat down to rest in the 85° heat. Many headed for the NAAFA bus, which had been given permission to park on a nearby street in order to accommodate the demonstrators' "mobility" problems. One of the last marchers to succumb was a woman in a wheelchair clutching a sign emblazoned with the battle cry, "FAT FREEDOM."

The weary protesters were a symbol of the "size acceptance" movement's dilemma: the organization is trapped between two incompatible views of obesity—that obesity is a normal condition; and that it is a disability. NAAFA's response to health care reform, long a central concern for the movement, is a perfect example. While recognizing that the elimination of pre-existing condition prohibitions would end insurance discrimination, adherents resist focusing on the issue. "Fatness should not be lumped in as some kind of pre-existing condition," insists Lynn Meletiche, who chairs the group's health committee. "There isn't a single disease that's caused because you're fat." But at the same time, the organization argues that any reform must address fat people's special concerns. At the rally, protesters handed out a list of demands for the medical establishment: large-sized blood pressure cuffs, special scales, longer needles, wider examining tables and armless chairs in waiting rooms, spaced two feet apart.

Last week NAAFA, which has 5,000 members and claims to represent 40 million to 60 million overweight Americans, held a four-day convention in Crystal City, Virginia, just outside Washington. The central theme of the conference was to "empower fat people to come out of the closet and live normal, happy lives." Central to that goal is finding ways to dispel destructive health myths about obesity, which NAAFA argues are the linchpin for discrimination. "The health issue," reads one NAAFA pamphlet, "serves as a smokescreen to justify denying fat people their civil rights ... in employment, educational opportunities, housing and adoption privileges." How did the myths get started? The panelists argued that misguided doctors assume all diseases are somehow linked to obesity and reflexively recommend weight loss as the treatment. "We go in for a sore throat and they tell us to lose 100 pounds," said Meletiche, speaking at a session on health.

NAAFA summoned its own army of specialists to back up Meletiche's assertion. Dr. David Garner, a clinical researcher from Pennsylvania, said he was "stunned by the mythology." He insisted fat people are no more likely to suffer from eating disorders or mental illness than thin people are. Dr. Moe Lerner, an obesity specialist from Canada, argued that diseases often linked to fatness, such as heart problems or sleep apnea (when throat tissues press against the breathing cavity and block air), are treatable without weight loss. Others claimed that obesity can even have health benefits, since carrying around extra weight is a form of exercise. "Stress is good for the heart," says Meletiche. "Ask any of these jocks if they could carry around 100-pound barbells all day."

Louise Wolf, the moderator of the panel, allowed that fat people may suffer from special health problems, but it's only because of what our fatophobic society has done to them. "They are killing us with dieting and bad medical care," she insisted. Because obesity is genetic, most fat people can't lose weight. So diets, which NAAFA refers to as "voluntary starvation," only exacerbate their condition. "The best way to gain weight is to try to lose weight," argued Garner, adding that regained weight is higher in fat. One horror story had a 1,000-pound woman locked in a room until she lost 500 pounds. She regained 750 pounds when they released her. "Blame the dieting process, not yourself," screams one NAAFA pamphlet.

So what did the panelists recommend as the path to equal treatment in health care? "We deserve special professionals who are fat-friendly and know how to handle us," demanded Meletiche. "Most of these doctors are the ones who used to call us tubby, and then their parents sent them to medical school." Wolf recommended that scientists be forced to experiment on fat cadavers, to learn the "special needs of fat people."

Are NAAFA claims of health care discrimination exaggerated? When it comes to insurance, maybe not. Fat people routinely are covered under large group plans, but those in smaller plans, who have to fill out medical history forms, often encounter problems. One compelling case at the conference was Kerin Stackpole, a 31-year-old lawyer who was denied insurance by Blue Cross/Blue Shield, which returned her information sheet with only the weight/height section highlighted. Stackpole is 5' 2" and weighs 195 pounds, almost fifty pounds above the insurance company's standard. But her medical record is perfect; she plays competitive tennis and softball, and her only insurance claim in fourteen years was from a mountain biking accident. Only after her employer sued did the insurer agree to cover her.

Stackpole is an exception. In most cases, scientists agree that obesity is a health hazard. According to the National Institutes of Health, a person who is 40 percent overweight is two times more likely to die prematurely than a person of average weight, and three times more likely to suffer from heart, joint or respiratory problems. And though most of the medical community still recommends dieting, doctors now have a better understanding of its negative effects. The average weight listed on standard height/weight charts, for example, has increased by 40 percent since the tables were introduced in 1947.

For now, with health care stalled, hopes for wider examining tables seem a long shot. So where is NAAFA's next battle? Civil rights. Not surprisingly, the contradictions remain. While demanding that the president declare October "size acceptance month" to recognize the "equality of various-sized people," the organization is also insisting that the president "incorporate an awareness of size differences" into government policies. How will they get him to do this? The plan, spelled out in a NAAFA press release, is to remind the occasionally husky commander-in-chief that "his weight has often been the focus of media attention." Ouch.

HANNA ROSIN



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## "THE PRESIDENT HAS BEEN SHOT"

*Confusion, Disability, & the 25th Amendment*

*With a New Postscript:*
THE 1992 ELECTION CAMPAIGN

*Herbert L. Abrams*

"It reads like a spellbinding political thriller....This is a meticulously verified account of panic and intrigue in the Reagan White House, of misbehavior by all the president's men, and of their inexcusable failure to obey the Constitution's clear command."
—*San Francisco Chronicle*

This updated paperback edition of the acclaimed analysis of medical and political events surrounding the attempted assassination of Ronald Reagan includes a new Postscript on the election of 1992 and "the public's right to know " which covers the health problems and disclosures of Bush, Tsongas, Buchanan, Perot, and Clinton in light of the issues of privacy and confidentiality.

$15.95 paper

## The Budget Puzzle
### Understanding Federal Spending

*John F. Cogan, Timothy J. Muris, and Allen Schick*

These essays tackle the federal budget—how and why it has grown so large, why most "deficit-reduction" measures are either shams or predestined to fail, and why understanding budget issues is so difficult.

$12.95 paper $32.50 cloth

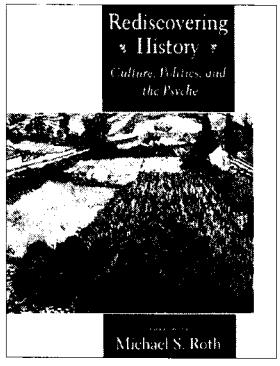
## One Hundred Years of Sea Power
### The U.S. Navy, 1890-1990

*George W. Baer*

This is a history of how the Navy responded—in doctrine, strategy, operations, preparedness, self-awareness, and force structure—to radical changes in political circumstance, technological innovation, and national needs and expectations.

$49.50 cloth

# MAKING HISTORY




## Rediscovering History
### Culture, Politics, and the Psyche

*Edited by Michael S. Roth*

This collection of essays examines some of the major problems and themes critical to the historical study of European culture. They explore the limits and capacities of historical consciousness in modernity and share a concern with the ways in which cultural productions are connected to self and society.

Includes 75 illustrations, 15 in color

$24.95 paper $65.00 cloth

*By Peter Stansky and William Abrahams*

## London's Burning
### Life, Death, and Art in the Second World War

"Sculptor Henry Moore, composer Benjamin Britten and filmmaker Humphrey Jennings are the focus of this absorbing, vivid study on how British artists responded to the exigencies of World War II." —*Publishers Weekly*

"Both the hazards of firefighting in the early days of European mass bombing and the near genius of Humphrey Jennings are admirably conveyed by Peter Stansky and William Abrahams. Theirs is a fine story and they make the most of it." —*New York Times Book Review*

$29.95 cloth

## Journey to the Frontier
### Two Roads to the Spanish Civil War

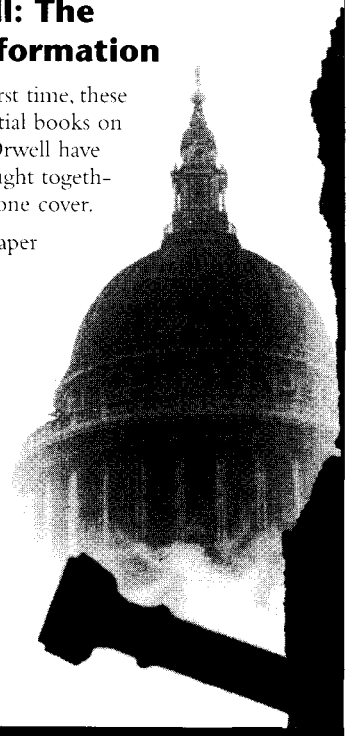
"A dramatic dual biography....The book brings to life two vivid personalities and their milieus."
—*Atlantic Monthly*

$17.95 paper

## The Unknown Orwell & Orwell: The Transformation

For the first time, these two essential books on George Orwell have been brought together under one cover.

$17.95 paper



*Available from bookstores or from*

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
Stanford, CA 94305-2235 (415) 723-1593 or fax (415) 725-3457

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ground, as in Houston or Toronto, or fifteen feet above ground, as in Minneapolis and Calgary. Like sensible human beings.

Public planners hate that, when people act sensibly. To this day they rhapsodize over the controls on behavior that result in most of the population of Moscow traveling via subways and sidewalks. You ask them, "Did you hear yourself? Do you realize what you just said, about the upside of communism?"

No. Never sinks in.

Back to my plan for making you so rich you name your next child after me. It involves walking.

There are now 181 Edge Cities in the United States larger than downtown Memphis, according to The Edge City Database—a joint venture of Strategic Mapping Inc., Donnelly Marketing and Dun and Bradstreet. Eighty percent of the new white-collar jobs created in the last twenty years are located there. There are only forty-five American downtowns of comparable size.

Because Edge Cities were shaped by market forces, the top 100 or so are all quite good at delivering anything you can measure in dollars: access to the airport, executive housing, worker housing, whatever. They've got that figured out. Therefore, I reason, that is not going to be the primary area of competition for them in the future.

What they're usually terrible at, because they are only 20 or 30 years old, is delivering identity, community, civilization, soul. They are still frontier boomtowns, like Chicago circa 1890. I doubt that's a permanent condition, however, since these new urban cores were built of, by and for the middle and upper-middle class. The American middle class is the most highly educated and highly traveled civilization the world has ever known. Most everybody's been to London, Paris. Therefore, I reason, the boom market in Edge City is going to be for retrofitting large pockets of civilization into what is now usually an auto-oriented monoculture.

The good news is that you've got a ton of land available in Edge City to work with. Right now it's covered by parking lots. But here's how you fix this:

Get your aerial maps. Identify the large office buildings. They rarely relate to each other much, because they were built before people realized the sum total of what they were doing: inventing a new kind of city.

Come up with some number you believe represents what Americans will consider "walking distance." Don't overestimate. William H. Whyte, that romantic appreciator of the old downtowns who wrote *City: Rediscovering the Center*, believes the number might be only 600 feet.

Start drawing 600-foot-radius circles around the Edge City office buildings. The minute you find a place where three or four circles overlap, congratulations. You're rich. You've just discovered a place within walking distance of 1 million square feet of Class A office space. That represents 4,000 affluent, educated office workers who are so sick of that little sandwich shop in the lobby that they can't even tell the difference between the ham salad and the egg salad anymore.

Find out what in the way of civilization these people want in their new city, and give it to them. Right where you've found a location that probably only has four inches of asphalt on it. It might be a bookstore, it might be a restaurant, it might be a place with soft music and candlelight or a combination of the above. But they desperately want it and they need it, and so does our new urban civilization. In fact, the demand is so great, people might even walk to it.

JOEL GARREAU is the author of *Edge City: Life on the New Frontier* (Doubleday).

**The roots of American obesity.**

# BIG COUNTRY

## *By Richard Klein*

Statistics recently released by the Centers for Disease Control confirm what is everywhere visible, the dramatic jump in obesity from 1980 to 1991. One-third of American adults, up from one-quarter, are overweight. The richest nation in the world is the fattest and growing fatter. Our behinds, seen on television or on tourists, have become the butt of jokes in every culture but our own. Weighed down by our guilty burden, more and more obsessed with fat, we are becoming as a nation increasingly obese. Why now? Why more than ever do people have fat on their minds, while they add it to their hips? Perhaps it's the spirit of the times, a heavy moment in some long cycle of fat years and lean. Or maybe the approaching millennium arouses inordinate anxi-

RICHARD KLEIN, a professor of French at Cornell University, is author of *Cigarettes Are Sublime* (Duke).



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eties and a spirit of jubilation, as at New Year's, when we celebrate to mask the fear of a transitional moment. Perhaps we are entering anew the banquet years, like those that marked the end of the last century, when every public and private event was an occasion to be celebrated at great ritual feasts reflecting confidence, wealth and trepidation. In the next few years banqueting will probably abound. Not just a new century, but a new order dawns, one hopes—and fears. And in the meantime, what better to do than to eat?

The CDC statistics remind us, too, that the 1980s witnessed the steady impoverishment of the poor and the middle class. You get fatter in this country as you get poorer, thinner as you get richer. The highest proportion of overweight people are African American women (49.5 percent) and Mexican-American women (47.9 percent). What you weigh, it turns out, has as much to do with what's in your pocket as what's in your food. Oprah may be genetically disposed to being fat, but her edifying example reveals that genetics can be thwarted. In America, money triumphs over the most resistant fat, which eventually succumbs to the regimes that only the very rich, or the fanatical, can afford.

How can I go on without expressing the rage I feel toward the word and toward the concept of "obesity"? That ugly noun, with its inescapable pejorative implications, this term for unhealthy corpulence, has been mobilized by the medical-health-beauty establishment, and wielded by food packagers, in order to stigmatize people who do not conform to an absurdly restrictive concept of ideal weight. The image of the body beautiful, the ideal of health it promotes, is an ideological construct, a false nature, conceived by a vast industry in order to sell its services and move its products. Removing fat, the latest medical fad (does anyone think it soon won't be something else?), eliminates one more pleasure from our diet. After alcohol and tobacco, now fat has been proscribed. America, under the spur of its persistent Puritanism, cruelly medicalized the pleasures it most permanently indulges—turning every mild narcotic, even art, into a matter of public health and social morality. The health-industrial complex has already deemed food to be medicine, and fat poison.

The constant moralizing about food is becoming feverish. It is nearly impossible to avoid. Why, then, is everybody so fat? And getting fatter? My hypothesis is this: if marketers can create guilt in a population saturated with fat, they can use obesity to sell both health and unhealth. Two messages, simultaneous, contradictory, very effective. The ostensible message is eat no fat; the cynical, maybe unconscious, one is *eat.*

To wit: Health Valley may make excellent products, but consider the way the company uses statistics provided by the health industry to inform and entice consumers. It tells nothing but the truth, as the truth has been most officially, reliably determined:

Why This Fat-Free Chili Is Better For You.
This chili helps you fulfill the published dietary guidelines of the American Heart Association and the National Cancer Society. It is fat-free, with no cholesterol. One serving provides 10 percent of the U.S. RDA of protein, 15 percent of iron and 100 percent of vitamin A in the form of beta carotene. Beta carotene is recommended by health experts as a key nutrient for maintaining good health. And it contains over 50 percent less salt than leading chilis. So you can use this chili as part of a healthy diet that may help reduce your risk of heart disease and certain forms of cancer.

I rage at this when I see my mother eating Healthy Valley chili filled out with chopped meat, enhanced by cheese, made zesty with salt. It's all right, though, she says to herself. She isn't exactly eating the chili; she's fulfilling dietary guidelines. The more she eats the more she gets of the food medicine it dispenses in the precisely measured, officially approved quantities of the United States Recommended Daily Allowances, especially of beta carotene, recommended by "health experts" (until last month, that is, when it was found not to fend off cancer). She has been lured by the truth on the label into believing she's on the road to getting thinner, while she's actually getting fatter. Her example confirms what a researcher in Philadelphia claims to have discovered scientifically: if people are told food is lower in fat, they tend to eat more of it than they would otherwise.

Go to a supermarket and try to find some fat. From the shelves the boxes and cans scream "NO FAT." Sometimes you even see New Free, the two words advertisers love most. The more fat-free the better, which means the more it lacks the more it's worth. The supermarket shelves display a whole hierarchy of lack that goes from no fat, to low or lo fat, to less fat, or fewer calories, to the balky litote, "I Can't Believe It's Not Butter," which advertises that it has "50 percent less fat and calories than butter and margarine." It's not exactly good for you, but eat and enjoy; after all, it could be twice as bad.

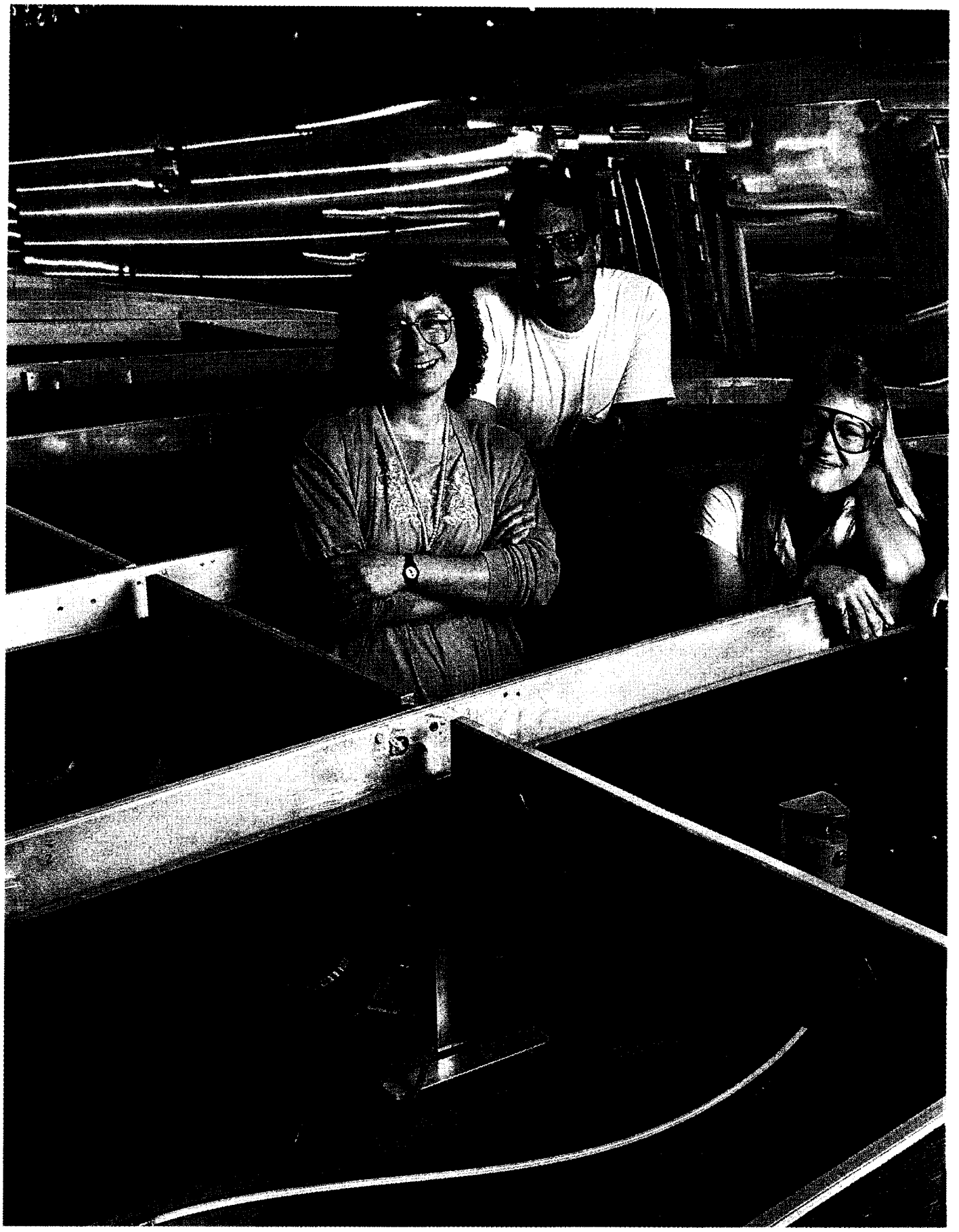
Observe the dialectical ingenuity it takes to find language to sell what in principle ought not be sellable. Consider the plight of commodities not blessed with no fat. Bacon, for example, has a problem selling itself in the present environment. If not fat-free, but if in fact fat, it can only represent itself as being less than something even more purely more. Swift Premium Sizzlean Breakfast, Lunch and Dinner Strips, to illustrate, have "50 percent less fat than bacon before heating." The advertisers here exploit the ambiguity of the word less, which normally implies that comparative terms are being made explicit, but which in English can stand alone, having only an implied comparison with the Platonic ideal. You don't have to know less than what to be stirred by the appeal of "less fat."

The psychology that motivates the allure of food as medicine is succinctly stated on the package of some Italian biscuits:

*continued on page 32*

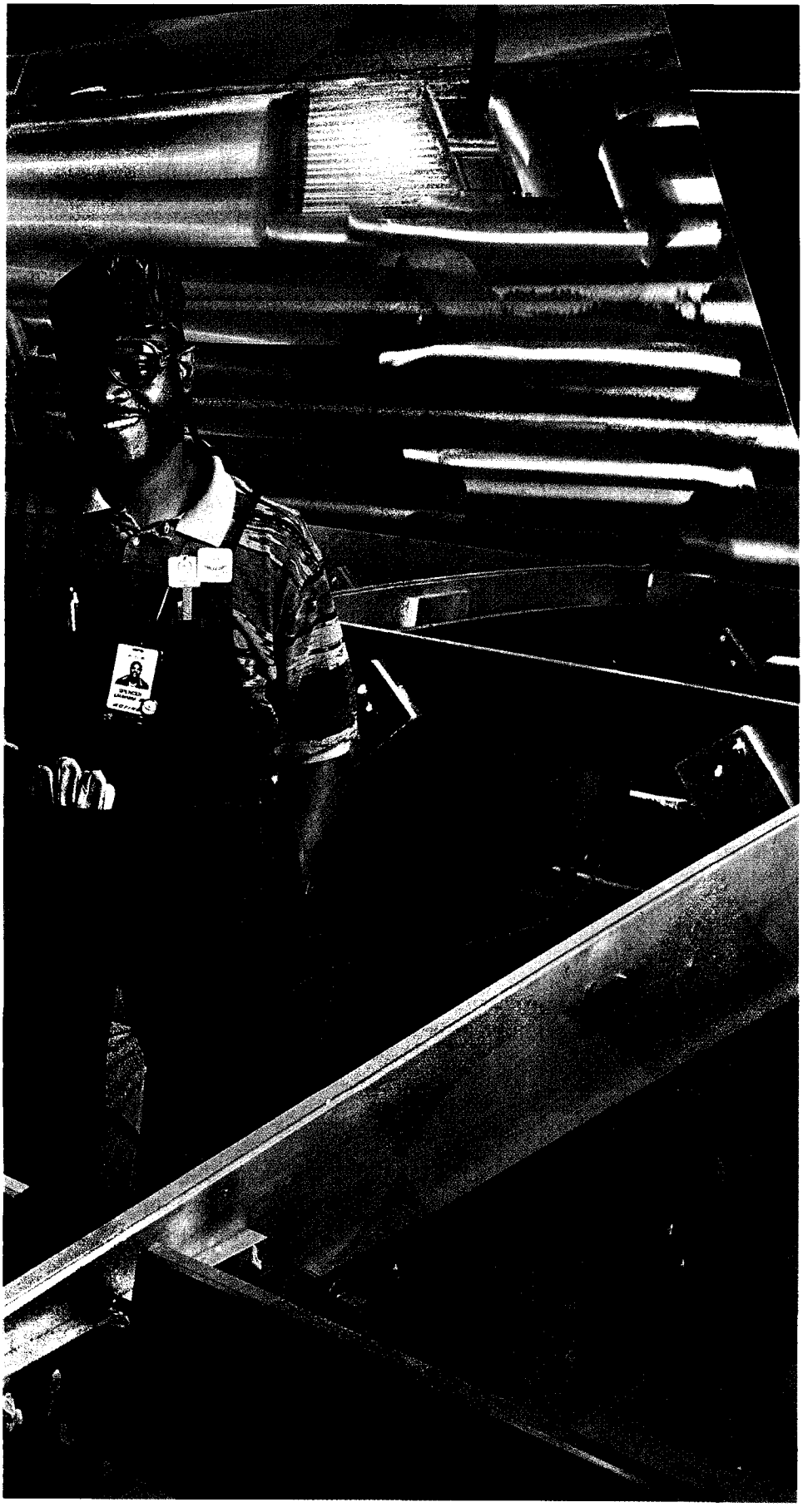


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From left: Karen Berto, Joey Riley, Tina Olson, Spencer Graham

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# NO ONE FLIES ALONE.

Boeing invests billions in research and development. About $6.5 billion in the last 5 years alone. What distinguishes our approach to technology is this deceptively simple, thoroughly human question: "Who needs it?" Technology becomes product when the answer is: "Our Customer."

BOEING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NO-NO
"Is a yes-yes"
New All Natural Biscotti
Fat-Free Coconut.

No-no is a yes-yes pretty much sums up the rhetorical strategy generating the profusion of figures and forms that sells food in our markets. Like a sexual harasser, the consumer doesn't have to take no for an answer. He can persuade himself that no is yes: a desire that ought to be resisted can be guiltlessly indulged. "Eating fat can make you fat," it says on the chili can. But it neglects to add that eating nothing but fat doesn't necessarily make you obese. It's not eating fat that makes you fat, it's eating. The chili says eat me: no fat in my can, no fat on yours. Of course, there may be circumstances when eating no fat means being thin, but the chili can label creates the illusion that there is some immediate equivalence between this fat and that, between no fat here and no fat there. In fact, eating too much fat-free chili will make you fat.

Ask a Frenchman. It's not the fat we eat. I mean, I have friends from California who won't go to Paris because they might have to eat there, where everything is fat or prepared in fat. Vegetables are rare. The French hate green. Butter and cheese fill French veins, organ meats and goose fat load their tables; they eat steak and fried potatoes, dessert is ineluctable. And yet they remain as a people less obese than Americans. Ask a French woman who knows America why Americans are obese and she'll say: no discipline of eating. Despite inroads of fast food and progressive industrialization, French eating remains centered around rituals of the meal, with its disciplines. The first rule is no eating between meals. At the beginning of every meal the French wish each other, "Bon appétit." Hunger, the desire to eat, is something to be wished, to be cultivated. Imagine wishing anyone hunger in America. The slightest hint of hunger here instantly provokes a rush to snack. Americans eat all day long, and food is available everywhere. You can eat anything, at any time, in any place. In France, you have to finish your cheese before you get dessert. Pleasure is not immediate; the meal installs an economy of pleasure, which again means manipulating hunger, holding off eating in order to eat later with more pleasure and heightened discrimination.

Fat. A good Anglo-Saxon word. Whereas obese comes from the Latin, *obesus*, "having eaten well," past participle of *ob-edeer*, to eat thoroughly, to devour, to chow down. The noun obesity, rare before the nineteenth century, had a sinister rebirth in popularity under the pen, in the hands of nineteenth-century doctors and health workers seeking to wield power over bodies by policing the language with which one might once have referred, for example, to someone's *embonpointment*.

By contrast, "fat" is a word that only lately has acquired its unambiguously negative connotations. If one looks at the many meanings fat has accumulated over its long history in English, one quickly discovers that most of them are positive, flattering, encomiastic, as the Greeks say—bestowing praise. The Teutonic root fat means to hold or contain, like a vessel, particularly a precious one containing baptismal water. Or like a tub. Everything that used to come in a tub or cask was good, like fat, or wine, or beer. Everything tubby is fat. Fat denotes the well supplied: fat purses, fat cheeses. Fat clay is pure; fat wine is fruity, full-bodied; fat land yields abundant returns. A fat position is a desirable one, a fat kitchen is an affluent one and a fat kingdom is where we live.

I think of my mother, who is beautiful, and fat. Who is obese by the doctor's rule. She has lived an excellent life, the last forty years of which she has struggled to be thin, and she did get thin, many times, at vast expense. She lost thousands of pounds, and the more she lost the more she gained, and fat she is to the end. But I know she has never been complacently fat. She has provided herself with the most rigorous check on the pleasure she compulsively seeks. My mother goes to the supermarket to buy some frozen health dinners, grabs a Snickers at the cash register and eats it on the way to the car. First she feels shame for having eaten it all (*obesus*). And then she forgets she ate it at all.

Dieting and overeating is a way of life for my mother; the nature of the quest its rhythm installs is worthy of more respect than it normally receives. It is a kind of yoga, in which you give yourself the pleasure that you simultaneously sacrifice in the name of a higher ideal, making a ritual out of the dialectic of desire and its overcoming. Dieting while growing fatter is an inverted spiritual exercise: every time you break your resolutions you feel such guilt and shame that you eat even more, for consolation and in defiance. More fat motivates more desperate diets, and the yo-yoing builds mountains of it.

Other forces speed this cycle along. Statisticians in the bowels of the CDC, actuaries behind gray partitions in Hartford, who (like Wallace Stevens, in their way) divine the heaviness of the republic, recently revised upward, yes upward, the ranges of ideal weight. The U.S. Department of Agriculture has just issued new guidelines defining the "maximum desirable weight" for a man 6' 2½" at 210 pounds, just the amount at which Bill Clinton desirably weighed in at his last presidential checkup. In the race to accommodate more and more fat, one psychologist—Kelly Brownell of Yale—suggests that the best weight for most people is simply the lowest one they've been able to maintain for a year as an adult without struggling. Sound good?

At the same time, doctors, as ever faddish, cite new evidence that thin people die young. The clinical director of the National Institute on Aging observes that people middle-aged and older seem to live longer if they're "a bit on the pudgy side." Their fat nourishes them, helps them survive illnesses. That view and the conclusions drawn are contested by the majority of professional people, dietitians and doctors who, view-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# PUBLIC POLICY BULLETIN BOARD®

Recent Books and Reports from the Nation's Think Tanks and Advocacy Groups

## ETHICS AND PUBLIC POLICY CENTER

***Disciples and Democracy: Religious Conservatives and the Future of American Politics.*** Edited by **Michael Cromartie**. The religious right, currently the subject of intense press attention, is here scrutinized by both insiders and outside observers. Journalists **Fred Barnes**, **Michael Barone** and **E.J. Dionne**, activists **Ralph Reed** and **Michael Farris,** and scholarly analysts **John Green**, **Allen Hertzke**, **Michael Horowitz**, **Richard Land** and **George Weigel** examine the agenda of religious conservatives, their influence on recent elections and their political potential. 147 pages, paper, $12.99. Call (202) 682-1200 or fax (202) 408-0632.

## NEW NCCD STUDY LOOKS AT JUVENILE CRIME, YOUTH VIOLENCE AND PUBLIC POLICY

The **National Council on Crime & Delinquency has recently published a study entitled "Images and Reality: Juvenile Crime, Youth Violence and Public Policy."** A study funded by the Anne E. Casey Foundation, this report attempts to answer four questions: (1) What are the actual trends regarding juvenile crime; (2) Has violent crime by juveniles increased dramatically? (3) Is the juvenile justice system "soft" on youthful offenders? and (4) What should we be doing to reduce juvenile crime and youth violence? The report contains an assessment of the role of firearms in youth violence and presents statistics relating to children as victims of violence and the serious problems of child abuse and neglect. "**Images and Reality: Juvenile Crime, Youth Violence and Public Policy**" concludes that anecdotes, rather than reliable data, are too often driving current public policy proposals that would fundamentally alter the juvenile justice system. The 46-page report is available free from NCCD, 685 Market Street, Suite 620, San Francisco, CA 94105. Telephone: (415) 896-6223; Fax: (415) 896-5109.

## COMPETITIVENESS POLICY COUNCIL

**Promoting Long-Term Prosperity.** The Council's report to the President and Congress argues that the economic recovery is not sufficient to reverse the erosion in U.S. living standards. It reviews the Clinton Administration's record in education and training, R&D, infrastructure and trade, and presents its analysis of the impact of health care reform, capital allocation, investment budgeting and social issues on US competitiveness. May 1994. Can be obtained through GPO, 710 North Capitol Street, NW, Washington, DC (202) 512-0132. S/N 040-000-00639-7.

## THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE FOR CONTEMPORARY GERMAN STUDIES

**The Federal Constitutional Court** by Prof. Donald Kommers, University of Notre Dame. This study examines Germany's top court, a tribunal more influential, more protective of individual rights, and much readier to rule on political, foreign policy and defense questions than is our own U.S. Supreme Court. Number 2 in the Institute's new series on key institutions of German democracy. 44 pp., $5.00 to cover postage and handling. Call 202-332-9312.

## THE JOHNS HOPKINS FOREIGN POLICY INSTITUTE

***Return to the Heartland and Rebirth of the Old Order: Reconceptualizing the Environment of Strategies for East-Central Europe and Beyond*** by George Liska. Few of those who call for a new *Gesammtkonzept* of U.S. foreign policy actually provide one. Nor do votaries of the "national interest" consider how much that concept depends on the total environment. George Liska fills both gaps, providing a rigorous revision of the classic statist model, a panoramic review of history and a hardnosed prescription of strategies for a range of key players from his Czech homeland via Germany and Russia to the United States. 184 pages. Available for $17.00 from Public Interest Publications at 1-800-537-9359.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the issue dispassionately, insist that it is wrong. They still encourage their patients of all ages to reduce their risk of heart and other ailments that result, they believe, from unhealthy excess weight. In the end, what is one to do?

The medicalization of food that accompanies its transformation into a drug has in turn given rise to whole industries of pharmaceutical, medical and nutritional science. Their aim is to find, or at least to sell, a drug that will be an antidote to the drug that makes people fat, namely food. Amphetamines worked for a while by raising metabolisms to way above normal. Though long-term effects of the drugs ended that experiment, we appear poised to be launching a new one. Prozac-like substances, according to *The Wall Street Journal*, are being designed to affect the centers in the brain where happiness resides, turning off depression like a switch. Their aim is not to lift the overweight to a hypernormal condition, but to drag them out of the depressive state into which their being overweight in this society has thrown them. (Reminder: one-third of all American adults are overweight.) Given the surrounding hysteria, it isn't surprising that being fat makes one blue. Recently, journalist Leslie Lampert disguised herself as obese and, in an article for *The Ladies' Home Journal* titled "Fat Like Me," recounted how quickly she became depressed. The longer she stayed fat the sadder she became, until in the end she actually got fat from eating to relieve the depression.

Thankfully, the FDA has so far refused to license these chemicals. Nevertheless, the very possibility of their deployment shows how far we are prepared to go to make the question of weight a medical problem of chemical imbalances. And if the healthy-body-beautiful industry ends by imposing its rhythms on our lives, the marketing possibilities are extraordinary. Compulsive recreational eating, the restless movement of hand to mouth, will be encouraged by making food more tasteless, hence more urgently devoured. The obesity it gives rise to will be more and more furiously stigmatized. People will become increasingly depressed at being fat and will spend more and more on food and diets and drugs with the result—if one judges from recent evidence—that we will all be fatter. Fat finds its perfect antidote in pills we pop to shrink the body we are compulsively eating to fatten.

If you think I am exaggerating, consider the logic of the claims found on a bag of Frito-Lays New Baked Tostitos: "Our oven-baked chips let you indulge in more snacking fun ... great taste without guilt. In fact, they have only one gram of fat per serving." For a moment, take that label as an object of exegesis. It seems unavoidable to note that it is sending a double message: when you eat me, you eat less, so eat more of me, for the sake of pure recreation. More snacking fun, great taste without guilt. Ordinarily, we know, taste and guilt go together, particularly in this culture. Ordinarily if you push your cart past a bag of Tostitos you think, "No! That's too fat, too good." But these Tostitos are more less, less fat, than ordinary chips. Eat, Eat, I've just made a wonderful decision to eat what I might have passed up—the snacking fun I would have missed. Do marketing strategies like these promote health in our society? Or obesity? The answer, of course, is both, and it works very well, thank you. Except that we keep on getting fatter.

The prejudice that assumes "obese" people are less sexual than normal people ignores the well-known anthropological truth that in many societies women are prized precisely for their great size. Immensely fat they are; "obese" they are not. Were Rubens's women unhealthy, or aren't they the pictures of roseate food health—over-endowed with overlapping folds of delicious fleshiness?

Fat is rococo and beautiful in Boucher, the eighteenth-century court painter. The creamy skin of those large dollops of pink women—ladies, really, with beautiful aristocratic faces, winsome and proud—arouses hunger, quenches thirst. They are at play on billowy couches, and the light suffusing their bodies illuminates the round pillows of downy linen and their satiny flesh, ballooning, effervescent. The most famous Boucher, in the Louvre, features a woman lying on her stomach with her rear in the air looking back in laughter at the painter. The gorgeous display of her colossal adiposis evokes a vastly delicious landscape. O blessed fat!

Face it. Who doesn't dream about fat, spreading its gentle balm over rough surfaces, smoothing hurts and filling up the painful spaces? Fat lends flavor to life, the flavor of everything that smoothly melts in your mouth. Food is the foremost pleasure left to those who despair of having sex. In the age of AIDS, food increasingly permits the displacement of libidinal cathexis—the flow of sexual energy—into substitute gratification. And food, in this country, is everyday becoming more explicitly sexy. Sheila Lukens of Silver Palate fame is photographed lying on a table, satirically lowering a bunch of grapes to her deliciously parted lips. There is every reason to expect that the spreading of lo/no fat, with its tasteless blandness, will create in time great national cravings for the pleasure of food, orgies and banquets on a vast scale.

Fat also protects. It is used for defense, like highly developed musculatures, concealing the innermost self and putting it at a seemingly greater distance from the world. It makes room and it gives you more room, puts you at a greater distance from others. Not surprisingly, fat is often prized by those in power. It occupies space; it imposes. It lends presence to personality. It serves the interest of what sociologist George Simmel calls the aura of our personality, the signs of physical and social distinction with which we impose our influence on others. From Nero to Henry the VIII, from Winston Churchill to Bill Clinton, fat has always been political.

Helmut Kohl, for example, will probably win a



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *Pssst ...*
# Wanna Make the Connection Before It's Too Late?

If you don't, you're hopeless. Read no further. If you do, you're a vital, alert, sensitive human being. Read on.

The intellectual world is littered with failed gods and fake remedies, and the supply of substitutes for the Real Thing is running out. From Harvard to Berkeley, and among inquisitive people generally, there's a renewed interest in traditional religion.

We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual engagement with the transcendent. Among other things, we probe the wisdom offered not only by the Bible and Church fathers, but by such giants as St. Francis, Aquinas, Dante, Kierkegaard, Newman, Dostoyevsky, Eliot, Maritain, Barth, Mauriac, Niebuhr, Merton, Silone, Thomas More, Dorothy Day, C.S. Lewis, Flannery O'Connor, Mother Teresa, and Pope John Paul II. And we scrutinize a wide range of current issues, including the quest for a more just and humane world, but without subordinating religion to political ideology.

A monthly magazine founded in 1977, we've been acclaimed by the University of Chicago's Martin E. Marty as "lively," by Berkeley's John T. Noonan Jr. as "indispensable," and by *Newsweek* as "thoughtful and often cheeky." We're tailor-made for bright people — like you, we presume. We're of orthodox Catholic persuasion, but also ecumenically-minded — it's a delicate combination, but we suspect you can handle it. Many of the finest Catholic and non-Catholic thinkers have appeared in our pages: Walker Percy, Christopher Lasch, Russell Kirk, George Kennan, Sheldon Vanauken, Jean Bethke Elshtain, Peter Kreeft, Robert Coles, John Lukacs, Henri Nouwen, Avery Dulles, Daniel Bell. *Library Journal* calls us "brilliant." Frankly, we're "influential," to quote the *Los Angeles Times*.

We'll keep you on your toes. If you can deal with that, give us a try!

(Please allow 2 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue)

## SPECIAL DISCOUNT RATES FOR FIRST-TIME SUBSCRIBERS

- ☐ One-year subscription ..... $14 (regularly $19)
- ☐ One-year student, unemployed, or retired person's subscription ..... $12 (regularly $16)
- ☐ Two-year subscription ..... $23 (regularly $35)
- ☐ One-year non-U.S. subscription ..... US$24 (regularly $29) Payment must be drawn in U.S. Dollars
- ☐ Sample copy ..... $3.50

NAME (Please print or type)

STREET ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

Send coupon or letter. Make check payable to NEW OXFORD REVIEW. Mail to:

NEW OXFORD REVIEW
Room 642
1069 Kains Ave.
Berkeley CA 94706

PAYMENT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *Overfeds*

Why is it that, even though low-fat and non-fat foods are the fastest-growing segments of the food industry, more of us than ever are overweight? One answer may lie in the "Nutrition Facts" featured on the new food labels. Last year the U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA) revised these columns of tiny numbers and fine print to provide American consumers with more accurate nutrition data—yet what began as a laudable attempt to keep food makers honest has instead become a confused, overblown and ultimately fruitless crusade.

The need for new food labels has been evident for at least a decade. The old voluntary label was adopted in 1973 by the FDA, which regulates all foods except meat and poultry products. In response to reports of nutritional deficiencies, the label emphasized the vitamins, minerals and protein many of us lacked. Yet by the 1980s nutritional deficiencies were uncommon in America, thanks to a more varied food supply and the fortification of such staples as flour and rice. At the same time, evidence was mounting of a link between diet and certain chronic degenerative diseases, such as cancer and diabetes.

The food industry responded quickly, reformulating some products but simply changing the labels of others to appeal to the new nutritional chic: the words "light," "healthy" and "low-fat" became ubiquitous, and serving sizes shrank to microscopic, and therefore healthier, proportions. Consumers—most of whom didn't know a cholesterol from a saturated fat—struggled to keep up. By 1990 revising food labels, and requiring them, was irresistible. That year Congress passed the Nutrition Labeling and Education Act, and Health and Human Services Secretary Louis Sullivan vowed to topple the "Tower of Babel" that labels had become.

Enter David Kessler, whose activist FDA is nothing like the conservative agency of thirty years ago. When it comes to food, Kessler, hired by George Bush and retained by President Clinton, is not just the commissioner—he's a client. He lost fifty pounds in 1990, which contributed to his belief that if people are given the right food information, they too will become slim, healthy and happy.

To his credit, Kessler's zeal has enabled him to take on the food industry's clever obfuscations. The most successful portions of the current 5,000-page labeling overhaul set standard serving sizes for comparable products and define a host of "descriptors," such as "healthy," "light," "low-fat," "fat-free" and "cholesterol-free." Marketers have tried to compensate with sound-alikes—substituting "right" for the now regulated "light," as in Pringles Right Crisps or Kraft Deliciously Right salad dressing—but for the most part consumers can now be assured that anything labeled low-fat, for example, has no more than three grams of fat per realistic serving. Kessler's FDA also has held the line on claims of a link between certain nutrients and certain diseases. The new rules allow only five such claims, two of them having to do with fat.

This, however, is where the trouble starts. It's one thing to say that diet influences disease; it's another to say that a certain nutrient helps to stave off or invite a given ailment. The assumptions behind the new labels are far more slippery than those about malnutrition that governed the old ones. Beriberi, after all, is a thiamine deficiency; enrich food with the nutrient and incidents of the disease decline. On the other hand, our knowledge of why people get cancer and hypertension is far more tentative, and the interplay of genetics, diet, stress and exercise is still only dimly understood.

As a result, the new nutrition panels are a judgment about which nutrients will likely keep the greatest number of people healthy over the foreseeable future. Although the labels highlight cholesterol, sodium, carbohydrates and protein, their emphasis is fat. Up top we are told the number of calories from fat, and total fat content is the first nutrient in bold print. The implication is that consumers will derive the most benefit from foods with low numbers of fat grams and fat calories.

Yet while there is little doubt that reducing saturated fat intake can lower the threat of, say, heart disease, the new labels obscure other potentially dangerous ingredients in these products. As food technologists have long known, removing fat ruins the taste, texture and heft of many foods. Manufacturers compensate by adding other ingredients, especially sugar, which is why so many low-fat items taste overly sweet. This means, for example, that although the twenty fat calories in a serving of regular Fig Newtons have been removed in their fat-free version, extra sugars add ten calories.

This net reduction of ten calories could indeed reduce a person's fat and calorie intake if it weren't for the fact that consumers, seduced by the now officially sanctioned fat-free label, figure it's okay to eat more of the fat-free foods in a single sitting. A dieter who would have eaten two regular Fig Newtons might now eat four fat-free ones, which contain no fat but an extra 180 calories, or 10 percent of a 120-pound woman's recommended daily caloric intake—calories that the dieter's body may convert into fat. By jumping on the low-fat bandwagon, the new labels make some foods, such as fat-free Fig Newtons, appear more nutritious than they are, and others, such as meat and poultry, seem less nutritious than they are. They are likely to steer consumers to low-fat processed foods without greatly reducing the intake of calories—thus keeping them overweight.

Most important, the panels undercut the message that the healthiest diet contains a variety of fresh, unprocessed foods eaten in modest quantities. Low-fat means grains, vegetables, legumes and fruits, not fat-free Fig Newtons. Without this message, the new labels are bound to fail. Yet the Nutrition Labeling and Education Act, a fifteen-page statute, contains exactly forty words about consumer education. Compared with a projected $2 billion in food industry spending on labeling, the FDA is spending only $1.5 million on education over the next three years. (McDonald's spends more than 700 times that on a single year of advertising.) And this anemic sum goes for such feckless efforts as postage stamp cancellations saying: "CHECK OUT THE NEW FOOD LABEL TODAY!"

As we learn more about the relationship between certain foods and certain diseases, nutrition education has increasingly become a lesson in what *not* to eat. Unfortunately, the FDA's new tactics obscure that fact. By relying on a tiny label to overcome the cultural and even physiological factors that motivate what we eat, the agency has made a costly—and fattening—mistake.

NORMAN BOUCHER

Norman Boucher writes for *The Boston Globe.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fourth term on a diet that includes pig stomach, *saumagen* stuffed with potatoes, slab bacon and lard. Annually, he goes to a spa for a month in order to lose twenty pounds; he then proceeds when he returns to his governmental responsibilities to put the weight back on in trump. Every campaign he gets fatter and wins bigger. Kohl's obesity has the virtues of the deutsche mark, whose rough-hewed rotund stability, whose unpretentious but ample solidity, brings peace to the inflation-haunted dreams of the Germans.

Fat also gives dignity to a man whose face does not naturally convey it. William Howard Taft was an enormously fat man—our fattest president. He was said by his contemporaries to have had a baby face. Bill Clinton's fat has been denigrated by journalists with the same ferocity and cruelty with which it is everywhere stigmatized these days. They see in it the sign of his restless omnivorousness, the compulsive rapidity with which he flits from issue to issue, each one occupying no more of his time than the time it takes to revise his position and pass on to another, just as he goes from burgers to pizza, a piece of cake, diet soda, to filet sandwich, some pot pie: a bite of Bosnia, a taste of Haiti, sushi on crime, munch a bunch of health bill till lunch. In this view of the Clinton presidency, fat is the embodiment of his fatal indecisiveness, his compulsive appetite for policy, his incapacity to stay focused, his constant need for new diversions.

But there is another view, one that does not ridicule this fat, but finds in the presidential girth a sign of what is most impressive and endearing in him. It persists, his fat, despite his exceptional daily athletic feat of running the mile in less than nine minutes. He's corpulent, but he's not unhealthy, obese. And like my mother's, his fat gives me a sense of loving ponderation; what I like most about him is the feeling that this is a man who knows how to sit for a long time and think hard before making fateful decisions. I appreciate that quality, reflected in his fat, in a world in which too many people have instant answers to everything. His fat is quite soothing, if you ask me, just as the rolls on President Taft, at the end of another turbulent century, must have reassured our forebears.

It seems pious to wish that fat were transvalued in this society. It is utopian, no doubt, to imagine another time when being fat would be admired, encouraged and appreciated. But history certainly confirms the suspicion that prejudices against fat obey long historical cycles. Or, at least, that in other ages, fat was beautiful.

Why does fat make people laugh? It is not that fat people are happy; the more laughter they provide, the gloomier they feel. It's that the very appearance of fat, the fact of fat, reveals what ought to be kept hidden, the dirty little secret that the bearer or wearer of fat has a repetitive, compulsive drive to eat. Most of us can hide our vices, if we choose to. Not the fat. Their fat speaks loudly about what is most important in their lives, the minute they walk in a room. That's why fat people spend their lives creating lies about their eating, hiding the moments of bulimia or of repeated sneaking.

Take my mother's fat friend, Jane. For years the two went to spas together. I asked my mother how Jane got so fat. "It wasn't simply genetic," my mother said. "Her father was a 'big' man but her mother wasn't. No, Jane was a sneaky eater."

"What do you mean, Mom?"

"She always had candy handy." And as she said that, "candy handy," she made a gesture with her hand like a gambler scooping up the dice, a gesture of urgent appropriation, making yours what no one else at that moment can have. It's mine, this handful of chocolate, and no one is going to interrupt the elegant but powerful gesture with which I take another turn, my turn, my hand at this sure pleasure. This is a pleasure I can enjoy and enjoy being sure in advance of enjoying, since it's always at hand.

"Do you think there are a lot of fat people like Jane who sneak food?" I asked.

"I think most. They want people to think it's genetic."

"But why does she have to sneak it? What would happen if anyone saw?"

"They'd think she was a pig."

"What's a pig?"

"A pig is someone who eats when they aren't hungry."

"Why do they do that?"

"For the pure pleasure of it."

"But they're sneaking their pleasure. Maybe they get pleasure from the sneaking?"

"No, I don't think so."

"But there has to be a lot of guilt."

"Oh! Yes. A lot of guilt."

So the pure pleasure of eating without hunger, without need, eating only for taste and well-being, comes accompanied with the cruel inbite of remorse. The pleasure is not pure at all; your conscience is bitten by what you eat. Every time you take that moment out of your day to sink your teeth into the brilliant darkness of a Belgian chocolate, that moment of intense pleasure provokes instantly a pang, a shiver of guilt. Because one cannot live one's life feeling in the eyes of a world like a pig. Poor pig! Little pigs, we know, are like babies, smart silly animals similar to children. Pigs make you laugh because they cannot stop eating. An automatic compulsion, a mechanical repetition, seems to control the pig, and at that moment, for all their resemblance, they are something less than human: little eating machines. We observe them. We observe the distance between their ridiculous shape and our own more or less normal one and we feel superior; at the same time we nervously estimate the not-infinite distance between us and them. Laughter at fat is a compromise between fear that we may be just like those pigs and the fleeting assurance that, at least in our mind's eye, we aren't. •



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# BOOKS & The Arts

## *Stanley Kauffmann on Films*

### Being Responsible

All espionage thrillers are political in some degree—must be, or the spying would have no base. **Clear and Present Danger** (Paramount) takes the matter further: at its core, it's a political picture, which also has a lot of action. The film derives from a Tom Clancy novel (unread by me), with a screenplay by three Hollywood stalwarts, Donald Stewart and Steven Zaillian and John Milius. (I gather that the repeated "and" means that they didn't actually collaborate. Each worked separately on a draft of the script.) The result, except for the stock action climax, is sharp, fast, bitter.

Clancy has moved away from Soviet threats, which made *The Hunt for Red October* seem so belated. Last time out, in *Patriot Games*, the enemy was Irish terrorism. This required some fancy footwork in order to be accurate and yet not raise Irish-American hackles. No ambiguity this time: the enemies are South American drug lords. A rich U.S. businessman is murdered by drug biggies. He was a friend of the U.S. president (Donald Moffat), so the deputy head of intelligence (Harrison Ford) is ordered to investigate. Secretly, however, two close advisers of the president (Harris Yulin and Henry Czerny), eager to make their boss look good in his vaunted war against drugs, set up an illegal paramilitary force to squash the drug lords quickly, decisively.

The president doesn't want to hear about this secret force. He wants, Bush-like, to remain out of the loop. Plots and counterplots sizzle—within Washington, between Washington and druggers. A presidential envoy, sent to recover the murdered businessman's money, is blown up in the streets of Bogotá—a scary, well-orchestrated sequence. Ford is present but of course escapes.

At last, after much hugger-mugger, Yulin meets a rising drug biggie in a Panama City hotel room. The drug prince will see that exports of cocaine to the United States are reduced 50 percent if the United States will call off its secret war—which included some bombing and burning of drug resources. Yulin agrees, so that, in the forthcoming election, his boss will appear to have progressed in the drug battle.

The last action sequence between this prince and Ford is just a concession to the genre. The true point of the picture is Realpolitik: how it makes hash of principles and lives, especially of those on your side. Whether anything like this has ever actually occurred in drug wars, who knows? But we do know about several Gates—Water and Iran—so the film doesn't seem utter fantasy.

Harrison Ford, not much of an actor, is a congenial man, though he's getting a bit (shall we say) mature for rough-and-tumble stuff. Willem Dafoe, as a CIA lone wolf in Colombia, uses his skull-features to advantage. James Earl Jones, Ryan's chief who has retired because of illness, is blessedly an actor again here instead of the boom-box he had become. Moffat is at least as presidential as some recent presidents. Yulin, with weary persistence, and Czerny, with acetylene heat, muck up the corridors of power.

Donald M. McAlpine, the Australian cinematographer whose star rose with *My Brilliant Career*, spanks every sequence into life with apt color. Neil Travis, who edited *Patriot Games*, still has a quick hand with the scalpel. Philip Noyce, who directed *Patriot Games*, works here with the surety of a man who knows how to turn out a marketable product, and takes some pride in doing it.

French film is not immune from attacks of the cutes, as *The Two of Us* and *Three Men and a Cradle*, for instance, showed cloyingly. **Café au Lait** (New Yorker) risks the cutes, but it's so charged with young Parisian irreverence and music that the peppery coating mitigates the sweet center.

This is a first feature, said to be autobiographical, by writer Mathieu Kassovitz, who plays one of the three main roles—a skinny, generally frenetic young Jewish bike messenger well into drugs and rock and punk. Hubert Kounde, tall, imposing, black, plays a law student who is the rich son of an ambassador. Julie Maudeuch, brown-skinned and irresistible, plays the student with whom both men are in love. She has slept with both of them; at the start, she tells them she is pregnant and very glad of it. She isn't quite sure, as yet, which one of them is the father, and, though they try to insist, she declines to choose one and send the other packing.

This situation could easily rupture itself straining for charm. But the two young men go through such unsentimental antics to win her, most of them fast and funny, that the picture becomes

### FILMS WORTH SEEING

**Barcelona.** *European views of America unsettle two post-preppies living in Spain. A bright serious comedy, written and directed by Whit Stillman. (Reviewed 8/15/94)* **Eat Drink Man Woman.** *Shorthand for food and sex. An enjoyable Taiwanese film, during which the central character, a great chef, prepares dozens of marvelous-looking dishes. Some stories, not quite as entrancing, encircle them. (Reviewed 9/5/94)* **Spanking the Monkey.** *David O. Russell's debut film begins familiarly—a college student forced to stay at home over the summer—then plunges into disturbing depths. Except for the ending, very well done. (8/1/94)* **The Wedding Gift.** *Julie Walters and Jim Broadbent as a devoted English couple facing the cruel fact of her mysterious ailment. A tearjerker, but played with exceptional breeziness and tacit feeling. (8/22&29/94)*—**SK**



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a triangle story on speed, full of zooming motorcycles and disco joints. The story is just substantial enough to sustain the action, and the action is sustained further by spirit. The furious aggressive energy of Kassovitz, the lordliness of Kounde, the dimpled captivating charm of Maudeuch, happy with or without the men, all invigorate the film.

We get considerable amounts of Kassovitz's home life with his Yiddish-speaking grandparents. The film even finds time for a set-piece, an old Yiddish song and dance done by the grandfather, Tadek Lokcinski. His wife, old grandma, is played by Jany Holt, who was the sentimental prostitute in Renoir's *The Lower Depths*, 1936. We get less of Kounde's background. Though we spend some time in the palatial embassy where his parents live, they are away. Of Maudeuch's background, we see only her loving (brown) grandmother, who advises her to marry Kounde even though he is very black.

Another familial note: Maudeuch's gynecologist is played by Jean-Pierre Cassel, who in one brief scene reminds us of the charm that made such films as *The Joker* and *The Five-Day Lover* sparkle in the 1960s. Cassel's son, Vincent, plays Kassovitz's older brother and supplies gruff affectionate strength.

The Brotherhood of Man theme is far from blatant throughout. Epithets often fly between the hectic Jew and the airy African. What unites the two is not brotherhood but love of Maudeuch, which also sets them against each other. The matter is far from settled at the end in the maternity ward, where a surprise awaits us.

Then, over the closing credits we hear a racist speech—by Le Pen?— which is chilling not because it counters facile notions of brotherhood but because it shows us that the high-spirited verbal joustings of the two young men are now out of bounds and out of date.

Kassovitz directs as if he had just leaped off a hot stove. The picture opens with a traveling shot, at pedal level, of a bicycle on which he's careening through the Paris streets. Except for the family scenes and those with Maudeuch, he keeps up the pace. By and by we begin to feel that the film is directed by the character he plays. Which, in a sense, it is. •

**Frederick Wiseman goes back to school.**

# *Unsentimental Education*

## By David Bromwich

The show-stopping debates in secondary education are now taken up with two issues: the character of an ideal curriculum and the utility of national tests. But we have long known that how students learn matters as much as what they learn. Who cares whether I imbibe cultural literacy or cultural identity if, after twelve years of it, I am helpless to say what I think without a cultural manager to advise me? If you listen to the oucomes-adepts and computer entrepreneurs, the problem is that education itself has become intractable. But the truth is simpler. We have forgotten what a good education looks like.

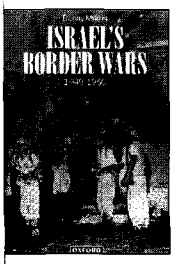
On September 7 PBS broadcasts Frederick Wiseman's new documentary, *High School II*. Its predecessor, *High School*, came out in 1969 and chronicled the life of Northeast High in Philadelphia, a white middle-class institution, outwardly stable but on the brink of disintegration—its routines despised by all but the students farthest gone in conformity, its staff exuding the poisonous unction of authority without wisdom. The film was a revealing document of the breakdown of American confidence in the Vietnam years; its testimony allowed one to see how the counterculture could seem a necessary revenge. *High School II* is about a school making very different adaptations to an educational crisis that has not stopped. Central Park East Secondary School, in East Harlem, has mostly minority students, many of them from low-income families; yet, in a community of violent shocks and stresses, it is an experiment that is working.

The facade of CPESS is a spray-painted mural with a door in the middle. Pass through it with Wiseman's camera and you find a student estimating the genetic inheritance of flies with vestigial wings; a student reporting on her internship at a

DAVID BROMWICH teaches English at Yale University and is the author of *Politics By Other Means: Higher Education and Group Thinking* (Yale University Press).

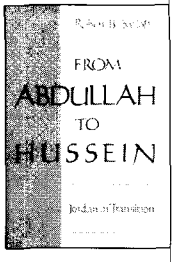
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

**ISRAEL'S BORDER WARS, 1949–1956**
**Arab Infiltration, Israeli Retaliation, and the Countdown to the Suez War**
BENNY MORRIS, *Hebrew University of Jerusalem*



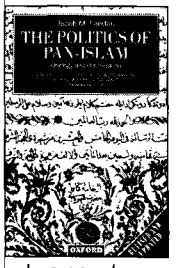

"No one henceforth will be able to write on this period without reference to this basic study....Told with high regard for sources, in a smoothly written narrative that leaves the reader with a sense for how deep the antagonism between Arabs and Israelis really is."—*Foreign Affairs.*
This book looks at the development of Israeli-Arab relations during the formative years 1949 to 1956, focusing on Arab infiltration into Israel and Israeli retaliation.
**1994 472 pp.; 4 maps $39.95**

**FROM ABDULLAH TO HUSSEIN**
**Jordan in Transition**
ROBERT B. SATLOFF, *Washington Institute for Near East Policy*




"Excellent....A fine account of these years."—*Foreign Affairs.*
Based on exclusive interviews and newly released archival resources, this work examines the most turbulent period in the history of Jordan's ruling house, the six years following the assassination of the kingdom's founder, Abdullah (1951-1957).
*(Studies in Middle Eastern History)*
**1994 272 pp.; 10 halftones $39.95**

*New in paperback!*
**THE POLITICS OF PAN-ISLAM**
**Ideology and Organization**
JACOB M. LANDAU, *The Hebrew University of Jerusalem*




"A thorough examination of the massive literature....A most useful synthesis."—*Middle East Journal.*
Jacob Landau's renowned study is the authoritative treatment of the Pan-Islamic movement over the last 120 years. This timely work has now been expanded to treat recent developments in the ex-Soviet Republics of the Caucases and Central Asia.
**1990 (paper 1994) 448 pp. paper $19.95 cloth $95.00**

*Prices are subject to change and apply only in the U.S.*
*To order please call 1-800-451-7556.*
*In Canada please call 1-800-387-8020.*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BEST FILMS YOU NEVER SAW.

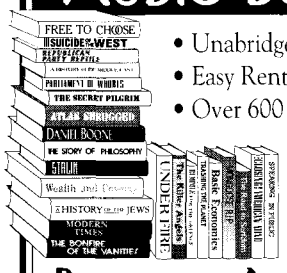
Now you can **rent or buy** videos by mail of over 2,400 hard-to-find quality films, including ***Bitter Moon, The Wedding Banquet, Blue, Like Water For Chocolate, Fort Saganne,*** *and* ***The Snapper.***

Our collection includes foreign films, limited releases, indies, docs and classics.

It's simple and inexpensive. Recommended by Roger Ebert as "... an idea whose time has come." Phone or write for free information and list of films.

**1-800-258-3456**
**Home Film Festival**®
P.O. Box 2032, Scranton, PA 18501

AUDIO BOOKS




- Unabridged Recordings
- Easy Rentals by Mail
- Over 600 Great Titles

*"I go through a book a week using time otherwise wasted in taxis, shaving or walking"*
—George F. Will

**BLACKSTONE AUDIO BOOKS**
Dept. NE • P.O. Box 969 • Ashland OR 97520
For a **FREE** Catalogue, Write or Call:
**1-800-729-2665**

The New Criterion

In our September issue . . .

"The New Republic" at 80
*by Hilton Kramer*

The American Academy in the 1920s *by Cynthia Ozick* • The world of Sarah Orne Jewett *by Louis Auchincloss* • "The Greening of America" revisited *by Roger Kimball* • Against the dehumanization of art *by Mark Helprin* • The stories of Grace Paley *by Brooke Allen* • Debasing Brancusi *by Sidney Geist* • The PC-follies today *by Terry Teachout* • & more . . .

*The New Criterion* • 850 7th Avenue
New York, NY 10019
(212) 247-6980
$36 a year, single copy $4.75

center for physically abused women; a student sitting for an oral exam on the doctrines of socialism. How could a socialist claim to advance the cause of equality more deeply than a race-oriented reformer? The student works out his responses in less-than-Johnsonian periods, but he knows the stuff: you get the unfakable impression of someone whom an idea has penetrated. The topic of race comes up in another connection early in the film. A black student is asked, by the school's co-director, Paul Schwarz, whether his attitude in classes might be better if more of his teachers were black. Yes, he answers, the thought had crossed his mind.

But this student's mother is sitting in on the conference—one of many parents we see in the film, all of them engaged with their children's lives—and she speaks about her son's conduct less excusingly. "Sometimes your worst professors are the same color you are. . . . All of us have a little prejudice in us, and I tell my son that, but it's how we use it." I had suspected the therapeutic question of being a little soft, but I wonder, looking at the way the meeting develops, if any other approach could have drawn this response. We see a lot more of Paul Schwarz and the school's other director, Deborah Meier. A temperamental contrast between them becomes an uninsistent motif of the film: he a listener, sympathetic, but with no time for time-wasters; she a ruminator, a thinker-out-loud, her authority derived from a presence of mind as tangible as quickness in an athlete. These are no ordinary principals. They seem to know the school, its staff and students, down to the last family problem, seminar syndrome and absence unaccounted for.

CPESS asks its students to work on acquiring five "habits of mind" that can later guide their pursuit of any inquiry: first, perspective—from whose standpoint is the subject being looked at?; second, evidence—what makes the assertions true or false, and backs up the veracity of the account?; third, the subject's relations to other subjects; fourth, *what if*—if things had turned out different, if the discovery had not occurred, if the lost witnesses could be heard from?; fifth, who cares?—a question to be asked with literal force and urgency. Command of these habits is exemplified with unconscious power in Deborah Meier's interview with a Latina student who has had a baby at 15 and wants to come back to school. Speaking to the young woman directly, but also to her mother and brother, Meier points out what a complex life she will have to face: a typical student with friends and classes to take, she has suddenly become a mother too, and will be expected to show, as much as ever, the dutiful concerns of a daughter. The school's interest is that she feel safe going about her work. She can't bring her baby to CPESS; but there are other schools in the city that would allow her to. In the meantime, "You want to graduate. And at the moment you're hoping to do it here." Without sanctimony, and with a minimum of bureaucratic pretense, Meier is looking at things from the student's perspective as well as the school's.

*High School II*
produced and directed by Frederick Wiseman
(Zipporah Films, 220 minutes.)

Some of the subjects discussed in classes or tutorials are: Columbus, and whether he was a Renaissance man; *King Lear*; the difference between alternating current and direct current; and the evolution and degradation of the American Dream—a theme the students variously improvise from the text of *A Raisin in the Sun*. "Our culture's all mixed up," one of them says and then corrects himself: "There's no culture: our society is all mixed up." The American Dream used to be about freedom, but now it's about money, and it no longer implies a way of life: "The American Dream is not to have a family. The American Dream is *what you want.*" The seminar on *Lear* revolves around the different kinds of love in the play—the male students hanging back, on this, until one breaks in saying the story struck him as funny. Why so? asks the teacher, and the answer comes with irreproachable accuracy: "It's funny 'cause it ain't happenin' to me." They have all clearly read the play, though several say they prefer *Macbeth*, which they read the year before; *Lear*'s double plot and its dependence on such devices as Edmund's forged letter make the action "confusing." The teacher defends this intricacy in an honest summing-up: "We have complicated lives. And our lives cross all the time."

A social studies debate on immigration policy shows a class in more formalized argument. The team advocating annual quotas, the exclusion of the "handicapped" and a work requirement is met by some sharp questioning from the teacher: "How are you going to determine whether a handicapped person *needs* someone to take care of him?" After a bit more of this, the team starts responding defensively to the tone rather than the questions: "We're not saying they're not people." "You're just," concludes the teacher, "saying they're not the kind of people we want in our



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

country." I thought his interventions heavy-handed but, plainly enough, they got the students talking and arguing. The debate turns into an animated exchange—not of coherent views, but of prejudices starting in quest of evidence to support an answer to *what if?* And the spirit of the thing is right. A young woman who has scored against the quota team surrenders her moralizing frown and accepts a high five.

*High School II* was filmed during the spring of 1992, when the national controversy over the first Rodney King verdict engulfed CPESS. Some of the students joined the public protests in New York City, but what is remarkable is that—in spite of the seasoned speechmaking of a few young adepts—a school with such unity of opinion managed, at a time deeply attractive to demagoguery, to steer clear of posturing or a mandatory display of "commitment." Even so, an after-school teach-in, which won easy faculty endorsement, brought CPESS close to the brink of collective attitudinizing, and in a vivid moment at a staff meeting Meier thinks out loud about the danger. She begins by affirming a view that the staff shares: "part of our role as a school is to make students feel their political citizenship." As a principle, she says, "that's not in question, that's not using the kids for our political agendas, that's part of our responsibility—to make them powerful political actors."

But then she adds a reservation. Within that responsibility there are "places which get complicated,"

> borderlines between our role as helping kids be political citizens and using kids—that's the extreme end—our using kids for our political agendas. And there are a lot of gray areas in between and it's not easy to always know what it is we're doing or who it is that's doing it. So sometimes we just say yes yes.... Friday's event is an example to me because I don't think we've thought through what's involved. We haven't the slightest idea what's educational about Friday. We voted overwhelmingly in favor of that proposal, without having the slightest idea of who the four speakers are, what these workshops are, what the educational purpose is of this. Essentially, as far as I can see, it's because there were three or four kids in the school who have very strong convictions, and have a definite ideology coming from their families and their backgrounds, much like my own when I was growing up, and we have one or two faculty who support them.... We would think through anything else with a great deal more care if we were going to have an educational event lasting two hours in this school, we would spend a lot of time organizing it, as we would with a class.

The question therefore becomes "whether or not we handle politics the same way we handle other education." For "if we think our educational


ISRAEL'S NUCLEAR DILEMMA

Yair Evron

Israel's nuclear doctrine has amounted to an ambiguous pledge that Israel will not introduce nuclear weapons into the Middle East. Yair Evron assesses the more general danger of nuclear proliferation in the region, focusing on the question of Israel's nuclear capability.

"An in-depth, very professional look at a highly sensitive issue." —*Library Journal*

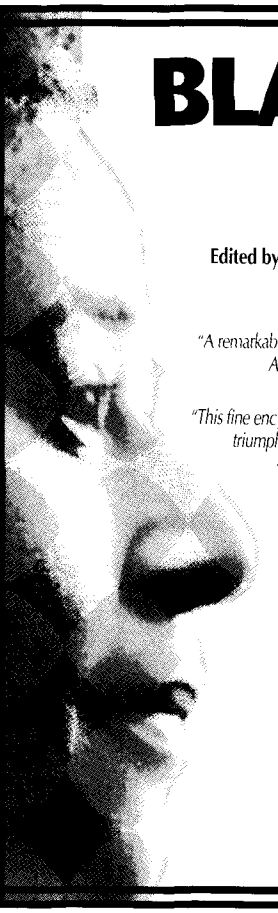
CORNELL STUDIES IN SECURITY AFFAIRS. $39.95

Cornell UNIVERSITY PRESS

Sage House • 512 East State Street • Ithaca NY 14850

*At bookstores or call 607-277-2211 (credit card orders only)*

NOW IN PAPERBACK!



BLACK WOMEN IN AMERICA

An Historical Encyclopedia

Edited by Darlene Clark Hine, Elsa Barkley Brown and Rosalyn Terborg-Penn

*1993 Anna Julia Cooper Award for Distinguished Scholarship*
*1993 Letitia Woods Brown Memorial Anthology Prize*

*"A remarkable achievement. The Encyclopedia is a germinal contribution to American history, African-American history and women's history. It is an indispensable reference tool for students and scholars alike."* —**Henry Louis Gates, Jr.**

*"This fine encyclopedia belongs in every American home, school and library. The struggles and triumphs of African American women serve to inspire us all."* —**Marian Wright Edelman**

*"... an essential book, one that will be of enduring value to students, researchers, and anyone interested in a fuller, richer understanding of American history."* —***The Washington Post***

*"... breathes life into the unsung heroines and tireless workers whose contributions have often been omitted or overlooked in the chronicles of American history."* —**New York Times Book Review**

*Blacks in the Diaspora*
**Vol. I, A–L: 764 pages, 273 b&w photos**
**Vol. II, M–Z: 808 pages, 193 b&w photos**
**2 Volumes, paper $49.95**

*At bookstores or from*

INDIANA UNIVERSITY PRESS

*Orders: 1-800-842-6796*




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

approach is good pedagogically in the classroom—to have various viewpoints, to have arguments, to get kids to do some investigation—then it seems to me our way of approaching getting kids politically active should be similar." A thoughtful silence follows.

There are many such pauses in the film, moments when the mood changes palpably and the talk grows quiet because people (including us who watch) have been given something to reflect on. In the middle of the sympathy protests after the L.A. riots, CPESS had to welcome a choir from Michigan who came to sing at an assembly on its way to a national contest. The Michigan students are white and they are nervous: they could not have come at a more difficult time. A senior at CPESS stands up and addresses the crowd spontaneously: any kind of rude treatment would make the school feel "just like any other high school in New York City, which we're not." There is tentative applause, then a buzz of whispers—half interest, half dismay—with a ripple of hilarity as the choir starts its madrigal ("You stole my love, fie upon you, fie!"). But you can hear the air shift as the interest grows, and at the end the CPESS crowd, liking the old-style song without knowing why, applauds as warmly as if it knew no higher pleasure than to be surprised by a fresh experience.

While the students think about the world, the staff is thinking about the students. One meeting brings together teachers of literature who, evidently, have been encouraging students to write about novels in the "interdisciplinary" way, combining literary approaches with history and politics and getting mixed results. The premise of their teaching has been that no generic boundaries should be fixed—the students should be "free to engage and empower themselves." But that premise is firmly challenged at the meeting, most persistently by two black teachers. Can students who haven't acquired basic skills of discernment and analysis be relied on to enjoy a freedom of quite this kind? And the fact is, they don't enjoy it: "As long as we keep [the boundaries] fuzzy so [the students] are free to roam, they sometimes get lost." The chair of the meeting agrees that the disciplinary conventions that divide, for example, literature from history are arbitrary; the names for practices such as allegory and irony are doubtless themselves artificial; but try to teach a class without these helps, and you cut the students adrift. One teacher simultaneously praises and, by her choice of words, blames the "mish-mosh fusion" to which many in the room have vaguely assented. This scene shows the coming around of what university English departments have made go around, but it is interesting for another reason, too. It offers a glimpse of genuine reformers deciding to alter their theories on the basis of experience.

Frederick Wiseman is a gifted historian of American institutions. His films about teachers, doctors, social workers, research biologists and many other specialists and generalists of modern life, capture as truly as any imaginative portrait of our times the way that individuals have shaped large tracts of contemporary experience for better and for worse. The people he looks at are not idealized, whether as heroes or villains; they are shown as workers (both masters and servants) in the medium of abstract ideals or bureaucratic conventions. I think of Wiseman as a historian because of the demand he makes of his materials. Like the artist, the historian must search for the significant detail that carries imaginative force, and it is an incidental difference that the historian is obliged to deal with things that really happened. But there is a difference. For the artist, the deepest sin is to include in the work any element that fails to contribute to its fictive form. For the historian, the deepest sin is to exclude any fact that contributes to the total truth of the reality portrayed. Wiseman selects like an artist, but he has the morality of a historian. He does not aim for a picture that has more coherence than the things it represents.

He works with a high ratio of film shot to film used, and it is clear when you see the result that his presence on the scene has not been intrusive. Or rather, as little intrusive as possible. It must make a difference for the real-life actors to know that a camera is on. The mother who chastises her son for not doing his best in school ("You're only 12 years of age. If you choose to cry, you may go ahead and cry, because yes, you should be sad") may here have screwed herself down to one extra degree of solemn control. The delinquent student who gets told off in the men's room by his teacher, after wandering out of a class unexcused, may have thought twice about the clever one-liner it's a fair bet he was holding up his sleeve. Maybe, too, the "arbitration" where two seniors iron out the resentments between two juniors who scrapped, would have come out more contentious without the presence of that unseen, shaming and endlessly patient eye. Meanwhile (and in this way, the best documentaries overwhelm our scruples with gratitude) one can't help thinking what an intelligent practice the arbitration is—sending a message to the juniors that their admired peers don't like them fighting, and sending it without a trace of paternal officiousness.

One of the biggest changes in the twenty-five years since *High School* has been a widening of the distance you must travel in order to reach the extracurricular. At an after-school meeting with a few of the CPESS staff, a health consultant demonstrates the proper use of condoms—presumably to help the teachers demonstrate it for their students, if necessary. She conducts the lesson in sober earnest, with a plastic penis—and with an appropriate residue of humor as she points out the right and wrong ways of fitting the device. The teachers for their part exhibit a decent gravity about the undertaking, but one can sense an unspoken question whether their training was really for this. One of them reports that a female student complained that she doesn't like condoms because she gets no pleasure in sex, and the consultant remarks, helpfully, that her problem may be the man, not the condoms. How much instruction exactly, and on what range of subjects, are the teachers responsible for? Here, as elsewhere, I was grateful for the length of Wiseman's takes, his almost total rejection of montage and the room his approach leaves for facing a human problem without documentary tricks of tone.

CPESS is a successful school. Its dropout rate is vastly lower than the city average, the students feel loyal to their special enterprise and many of them go on to four-year colleges and universities. Ideology will never explain the reasons for this. The school's constituency is not homogeneous or mysteriously resourceful, though students must apply to be admitted and commit themselves to learning the five "habits of mind." Nor does the answer lie in the realm of pedagogical genius. Meier and Schwarz have a great deal of intelligence and self-confidence; but they didn't somehow hit on the uniquely true and progressive doctrine for secondary education. I can imagine a 3-R curriculum with mandatory Latin producing a similar warmth and dedication in students. What matters most at CPESS is that the teachers care about how the students are coming along and that they act with a visible sense of common purpose.

Meier comes close to adding it up like this, in a credo that *High School II* saves for the very end. This is a speech a director of average cunning would have placed at the beginning, where it would seem to say: "Here is the underlying phi-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

losophy—test it against what you're about to see." Coming last, the credo feels more like a challenge answered: "Look, here's what you were seeing all along." "In some ways," says Meier, "we organize this school on the basis of what I knew as an early childhood educator. Because I'm a kindergarten teacher. The only real substantial teaching experience I had was as a kindergarten and pre-kindergarten teacher." But her ideal of schooling came just as much, she says, from stories she heard about the experience of tutorials and "conversation" at Cambridge and Oxford—schools she never went to and (she adds) it doesn't much matter if the stories were true. The ideal is valuable in any case. The progress of an individual student, closely monitored, toward the habits of mind necessary for free inquiry: this has long been an intelligible aspiration for preschool learning, as it has for advanced university and graduate work. Our mistake lies in forgetting it for all the years between.

As a kindergarten teacher, Meier used to find it "eerie" to learn that kids who in preschool had been imaginative and absorbed often became, in the eyes of their first-grade teacher, hopelessly inert. That kind of failure isn't necessarily the fault of teachers. It comes from our whole way of conceiving of grade-school and secondary education. A better image, Meier thinks, is of being "everlastingly involved with a terrific conversation"—with a high ante from each participant, requiring forethought, self-revision and an intense discipline. The sensation of continuous work at such a commitment "is what a good college is like also. And it's what a good life is like.... The best part of my education may well have taken place sitting around a dinner table, overhearing a conversation that was carried on over my head, but which intrigued me."

It is an inspiring image, but many will feel that it aims too high. How can we know? There are so many schools at every level that hardly aim at all—content to treat students as elective consumers whose sole need is for miscellaneous information and entertainment. Yet to leave them intrigued, in the sense Deborah Meier has in view, presumes one act of faith she takes for granted. If the example of CPESS proves anything, it proves that it still makes a difference—no matter how advanced the technology, no matter how sophisticated the fusions—for faculty and administrators to set an example: to be what they have learned themselves to be, and what they hope others will admire. Education has no choice but to be exemplary.•


# Learn To Speak A Foreign Language Fluently In 30 Days? Good Luck!

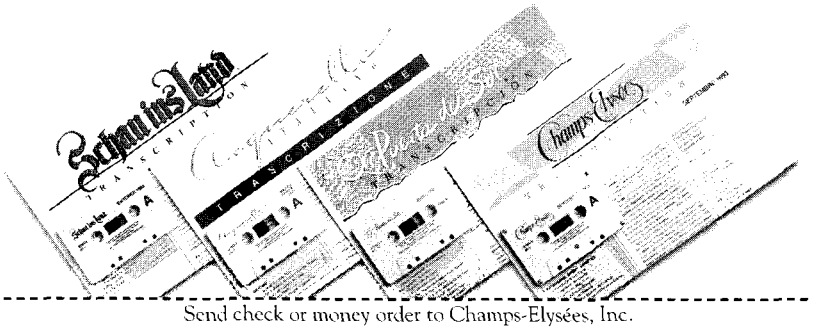
If you've been studying a foreign language for several years, you know fluency doesn't come quickly. It generally takes years to master a language — and an ongoing effort to maintain proficiency. Whether you try to learn a language on your own or in a class, with language cassettes, computer software, or textbooks, sooner or later every course ends...and then what do you do?

Now you can continue your language study month after month with *Champs-Elysées*, *Schau ins Land*, *Puerta del Sol*, and *Acquerello italiano*, internationally acclaimed audiomagazines for intermediate and advanced students of French, German, Spanish, and Italian. Each consists of an hour-long program on audiocassette accompanied by a printed transcript with an extensive glossary. Optional study supplements with innovative listening exercises and grammar reviews also are available.

Because they're periodicals, they give you a means of honing your language skills at your own pace, over an indefinite period of time. No conventional "course" does that. And the unique radio-magazine format is as entertaining as it is instructive.

Produced in Europe by professional broadcasters and journalists, each audiomagazine unlocks the door to a fascinating language and culture. There are news reports, interviews with interesting and influential people, and features on a wide range of topics, including politics, business, the arts, cuisine, cinema, and travel. With each new edition, you'll build your vocabulary, improve your listening comprehension, and increase your "cultural IQ," as though you were living abroad.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE: While we can't promise you fluency in 30 days, we will give you your money back if you're not delighted with your first month's edition. Find out for yourself what thousands of business people, educators, diplomats, and professionals on six continents are raving about. ***Subscribe today!***




Send check or money order to Champs-Elysées, Inc.
Dept. NR16, P.O. Box 158067, Nashville, TN 37215-8067
PLEASE RUSH ME MY FIRST EDITION OF:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ***Champs-Elysées:*** | ☐ 5 monthly editions (US$69) | ☐ Study supplement (US$20) |
| | ☐ 11 monthly editions (US$118) | ☐ Study supplement (US$44) |
| ***Schau ins Land:*** | ☐ 5 monthly editions (US$69) | ☐ Study supplement (US$20) |
| | ☐ 11 monthly editions (US$118) | ☐ Study supplement (US$44) |
| ***Puerta del Sol:*** | ☐ 6 bimonthly editions (US$89) | ☐ Study supplement (US$30) |
| ***Acquerello italiano:*** | ☐ 6 bimonthly editions (US$89) | ☐ Study supplement (US$30) |

*Tennessee residents add 8.25% sales tax. In Canada and Mexico, add US$4 postage. Outside North America, add US$10 for 5 or 6 editions, US$20 for 11 editions. All foreign checks must be in U.S. dollars and drawn on a U.S. bank.*

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Credit card orders may be faxed to (615) 297-3138 • Outside the U.S. and Canada call (615) 383-8534.

**For Faster Service, Order By Credit Card 1-800-824-0829**




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *The Hand and the Soul*

**By Anthony Grafton**

## The Moment of Self-Portraiture in German Renaissance Art by Joseph Leo Koerner

**(University of Chicago Press, 564 pp., $60)**

Albrecht Dürer spent much of 1520 and 1521 in the Netherlands. His diary records in microscopic detail the trip he took, "at my own expense and outgoings, with my wife": travel expenses, rooms rented, engravings sold or given away to patrons, wine drunk and meals eaten, churches and townscapes. On Ascension Sunday in Antwerp he watched the great procession of the guilds, enjoying the spectacle presented by the three Magi on "big camel creatures," boys and girls in the costumes of many countries and "a big dragon, led by St. Margaret and her virgins on a leash: she was really pretty." In Brussels, the fountains, menagerie and gardens of the royal palace resembled a paradise, and the things "that the King has received from the new Golden Land"—a golden sun, a silver moon, strange clothing and bedding from the New World—filled Dürer with amazement at the "subtle talents of men in foreign countries." The crowded town squares, the lacy spires and the frenetic public life of the Low Countries rise before the reader, lively and vivid as a scene in one of the artist's engravings.

One scene Dürer did not record in writing—though he described it, later on, to friends. In 1520 Charles V, a Habsburg, became Holy Roman Emperor. Dürer attended the coronation ceremony in Aachen; in September 1520 he accompanied Charles on his formal "Joyous Entry"—the customary euphemism for the mind-numbingly long and complex inaugural festivities of the time—into Antwerp. Beautiful young women served as living statues, wearing costumes so diaphanous that they were effectively naked. The emperor virtuously looked away. Dürer, by his own admission, went close up "to make a proper study of their perfection." "I looked them over," he later recalled, "a little shamelessly: but that's because I am a painter."

This episode does not figure in Joseph Leo Koerner's dazzling book, but it suggests many of the issues that engage his attention and something of the approach that makes his version of Dürer novel and seductive. The protagonist appears as an artist uncertain of his rights and prerogatives; a student of the human body curiously apologetic about his interest in naked women and curiously ambivalent about his own naked self. And no one could seem an odder candidate to fill these trembling shoes than Albrecht Dürer.

For Dürer has always played a starring role in one of the great dramas of European cultural history. Generations of art historians have dramatized his success at creating a modern artistic self and embodying it in the new high art of the self-portrait. Dürer represented himself over and over again, in every two-dimensional medium from the delicate silverpoint he employed in his first effort at 14 to the vivid oil paint of which he was for a time Europe's unrivaled master. These lovingly precise images, closely observed, meticulously dated and sometimes displayed or reproduced like icons, expressed with matchless assurance and effect the modern artist's primal claim. Dürer's goal seems obvious: to show in paint that he was an individual, whose gifts and achievements claimed the attention of posterity.

Dürer certainly defined his own reputation in grand terms. In fact, he became the first of painting's secular saints. Protestant collectors who shuddered at the Catholic practice of collecting pieces of the True Cross and the shank bones of the Holy Innocents slaughtered by Herod prized locks of his hair. His students opened his tomb to make a death mask of him. And for the remainder of the sixteenth century, northern artists defined themselves, more often than not, in terms of his achievement—whether they copied it, parodied it, tried to surpass it or did all at once.

Dürer, after all, had transformed not only the art, but also the artistic life of northern Europe. He mastered and brought north the classical forms that Italian artists and antiquaries had recovered and displayed in modern Europe's first museums. He connected these with a wealth of traditional northern images, some complex and some simple, some theological and some vulgar, which he knew from his own home city of Nuremberg and the others that he wandered through, in the typical way of the craft apprentice, as a young man. His new visual language had unparalleled expressive power and vivid detail. It enabled him to explore both the living detail of the visual world and the hidden depths of the human soul.

Dürer's engravings, which took less time than paintings to produce and which he himself marketed to a wide public, brought his accomplishments into hundreds of shops and collections. They also made him a brilliant artistic propagandist for Charles V's predecessor, Maximilian I, who saw the potential of print media to win the attention and the respect of local elites and noble warriors scattered across Germany's fragmented political landscape. A series of treatises explained Dürer's methods for students and connoisseurs and explicitly staked the claim that art was a classical, theoretical discipline, not a mere craft. By the time Dürer died in 1528, his European fame was unique: the greatest intellectuals of the time, most notably Erasmus, praised the magical powers with which he could conjure up with black lines on white backgrounds not only landscapes, buildings, people and animals, but such shimmeringly ephemeral phenomena as "clouds on a wall." No wonder, one thinks, that his self-portraits made a similar claim in the medium that was most his own.

Koerner has set out not to overturn, but to complicate, this well-established story about the relation between the creation of the modern self-portrait and the portrayal of the creator's modern self. He comes to the task with striking qualifications. At home in the German as well as the American intellectual world, he attacks questions of interpretation with the tools honed by Blumenberg and Gadamer, and Lessing and Nietzsche before them. Koerner reads texts well, turns a perceptive eye on images and writes with unusual energy and wit. He has also managed to induce his publisher to produce his book with a lavish elegance that vividly brings out the qualities of the paintings and graphic works he analyzes. No wonder, then, that he has turned out one of the most powerful, as well as one of the most ambitious, art-historical works of the last decade.

Like his protagonist, Koerner begins by establishing his own position in per-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sonal and disciplinary history. The great tradition in the history of northern art—one represented in this book, for the most part, by Erwin Panofsky and Jean Wirth—assumed that the central question posed by northern art was the question of meaning. As a young man, Wirth and Panofsky knew, Dürer had had his generation's obsessive interest in the classical past. Throughout his life he read as widely as he could, and worked with scholars who read more, such as the Nuremberg patrician Willibald Pirckheimer, who used a fairly recondite neoplatonic source in Greek, the *Hieroglyphica* of Horapollo, to help him create an inscription in what they both thought were Egyptian hieroglyphs, in honor of Maximilian. Many of Dürer's images throbbed with detail, not all of it assimilated, from ancient myth, magic and science. One densely allusive print alone, *Melencolia I*, provoked and inspired three of Europe's greatest cultural historians in this century, Panofsky, Raymond Klibansky and Fritz Saxl, who devoted years of collaborative research and a magnificent, arcane book to its decoding.

Like a grain of sand lodged under the discipline's collective shell, Dürer found himself buried under smooth and elegant layers of erudition and interpretation. Unfortunately, Koerner holds, much of this activity, elegant in thought and solid in results, was misdirected. Following Panofsky's lead, art historians concentrated on establishing the "meaning" of Dürer's images: in effect, on finding the written text or texts, the ancient anecdote or philosophical tradition, the story or the idea, that each work illustrated. Meanwhile they assumed that they fully understood the visual side of this visual artist's achievement—which amounted, in effect, to reproducing the three-dimensional world of nature more and more accurately on the two-dimensional surfaces of panels and etchings, while also evoking the four-dimensional world of human psychology and character beneath. The richest works displayed both achievements, as Dürer's command of artistic media enabled him to find a mythical hieroglyph that expressed the movements of his own Saturnian, creative soul.

Koerner doubts the possibility of establishing, for any image, a single and exhaustive "meaning." Images have a life and a tradition of their own, which may correspond to, or deviate from, or subvert or explode, the textual story that they supposedly illustrate. Identifying the textual sources of a work of art, in sum, supplies nothing like a full inventory of its contents. Reading cannot take the place of looking.

But looking is not simple, either. Self-portraiture, in fact, poses surprisingly painful analytical problems, which the traditional ways of describing it obscured. Its subject is anything but fixed. Koerner, like many of us, reports that he is anything but sure about what a self is, or what nature is, or how either self or nature can be represented in a simple, definitive way. And the Renaissance no longer appears to him as the age in which the rounded, modern self took shape, the age of Jacob Burckhardt's Renaissance man, who discovered physical and human nature as the veil of medieval culture dissolved before him. Koerner's Renaissance is, to a considerable extent, the one reconstructed in the last decade or so by Stephen Greenblatt and the contributors to the Berkeley journal, *Representations*. Like them, Koerner evokes an age of performers brilliantly trying out new roles rather than an age of whole men exerting the full powers of human reason and perception. Koerner's own mastery of the visual material, moreover, reveals just how hard it is, in simple, technical terms, for an artist to carry out the apparently simple task of painting his or her image as seen in a mirror. Exploratory reading in a wide range of sources and inspection of a vast run of images, bewitchingly arranged and reproduced, combine to form a striking new approach to an old subject.

From the start, Koerner interprets his objects with passion and precision.


# NEW FROM PENNSYLVANIA

## CULTURAL POLITICS—QUEER READING

*Alan Sinfield*

Was Shakespeare gay? Is *The Merchant of Venice* anti-Semitic? How does mainstream reading differ from that of subcultural groups? In this lively book, Sinfield challenges the assumptions of English literature and investigates the principles and practices that may inform lesbian and gay reading.

*A volume in New Cultural Studies. Oct. 1994. 120 pp. Cloth, 3266-6, $28.95; paper, 1542-7, $11.95*

## THE GRADUATE SCHOOL FUNDING HANDBOOK

*April Vable Hamel, with Mary Morris Heiberger and Julia Miller Vick*

This is a comprehensive and easy-to-use manual that is designed to guide students through the intricate process of applying for graduate school funding both in the United States and abroad.

*Jan. 1995. 208 pp. Cloth, 3232-1, $36.95; paper, 1447-1, $13.95*

## THE LANGUAGE OF MODERN MUSIC

*Donald Mitchell; introduction by Edward W. Said*

Mitchell's classic study of the ideas and creative forces that went into shaping the language of twentieth-century music is reissued with an important new introduction by the literary critic Edward W. Said.

*Oct. 1994. 192 pp. Paper, 1543-5, $16.95*

## THE PATIENT'S GUIDE TO SURGERY

*Edward L. Bradley III, M.D. and the Editors of Consumer Reports Books*

Bradley dispels many of the myths, mysteries, fears, and anxieties surrounding the surgical experience, and provides straightforward information that will help patients make informed decisions about surgery.

*Oct. 1994. 256 pp, 22 illus. Cloth, 3280-1, $24.95*

## LIANG AND LIN

*Partners in Exploring China's Architectural Past*

*Wilma Fairbank; foreword by Jonathan Spence*

Fairbank documents the professional and personal achievements of Liang Sicheng and Lin Whei-yin within the context of China's turbulent past. Fairbank recounts how Liang and Lin used their Western training to initiate the study of China's architectural evolution. The author also documents the tragic events that ravaged the Chinese homeland and its people: the 1937 invasion by the Japanese and the ensuing illnesses and poverty; World War II and the civil war; the rise to power of the Communist government in 1949; and the victimization of the scholar class during the Cultural Revolution of 1966-76.

*Oct. 1994. 256 pp, 31 illus. Cloth, 3278-X, $29.95*

## MARK TWAIN IN THE COMPANY OF WOMEN

*Laura E. Skandera-Trombley*

Skandera-Trombley, the first woman to write a scholarly biography of Mark Twain, contends that Clemens intentionally surrounded himself with women, and that his capacity to produce extended fictions had almost as much to do with the environment shaped by his female family as with the talent and genius of the writer himself.

*Dec. 1994. 256 pp, 8 illus. Cloth, 3218-6, $29.95*

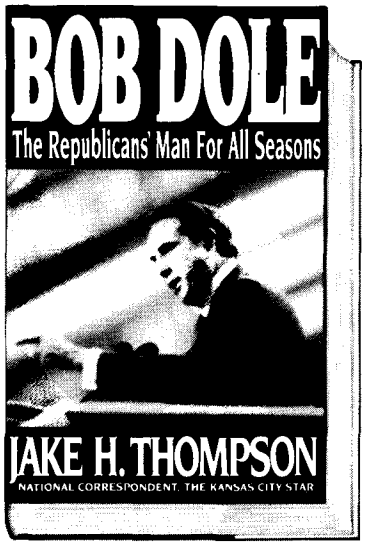
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA PRESS

*Orders taken at:*
*P.O. Box 4836 • Hampden Station*
*Baltimore, MD 21211*
*Toll free: (800) 445-9800*




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

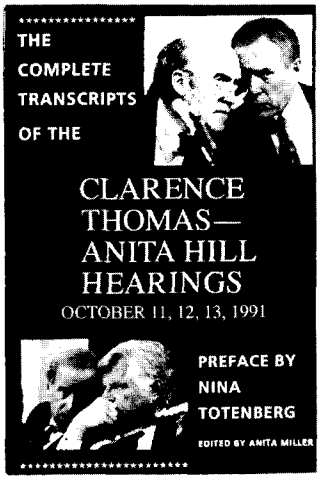
**In-depth perspective on the man and his career**




The definitive, balanced work by the Washington Correspondent who has intensively covered Senator Bob Dole for more than five years explores the senator's personal and professional life — through more than ninety interviews with the senator's family, friends, and colleagues — providing insights into the complex inner workings of one of America's most important and influential politicians. At all bookstores

**DONALD I. FINE, INC.**

**JUST PUBLISHED**




Includes testimony of the so-called 'other woman' Angela Wright and her friend Rose Jourdain, neither of whom appeared on television. 18 illustrations. Indexed.

450pp ☆ Paper ☆ 6 X 9 ☆ $22.95
0-89733-408-6
From your bookseller or direct
(add $2.50 for postage/handling)

ACADEMY CHICAGO PUBLISHERS
363 West Erie Street Chicago, IL 60610

Taking Dürer's Erlangen self-portrait sketch, he shows how it has been read in Romantic terms as a psychological investigation of the artist's profound, melancholy self. He then proposes a different reading of his own, one centered on the drawing's physical attributes rather than its model's spiritual qualities. Lined up against a wonderful series of drawings of pillows, bunched and crumpled, this one seems less a psychological self-portrait than a study in a representational problem: how to show a head propped on a hand. Bold corrections and jumpy movements of the artist's line illustrate his effort to make the image record the work that brought it into being: comparisons underline Dürer's passionate interest in solving challenging problems of representation. The Erlangen sketch emerges not as an emotional sounding of the depths of the creative intellect and soul but as a formal study of the very hand that created it.

Yet Koerner has no intention of replacing what he sees as the reductionism of an older tradition with a new reductionism of his own. He insists on the challenge and the novelty of Dürer's images of his self: on the possible rightness of Dürer's claim to inaugurate something radically new in Western culture. The pillows with which he compares the Erlangen sketch turn out, on close inspection, to reveal the forms of faces—including Dürer's own. The gesture that the Dürer figure makes reappears in other contexts, illustrating the meditations of Joseph and the contemplations of Dürer's own melancholy angel. Perhaps the Erlangen sketch makes statements about the self, or the soul, as well as about problems of representation.

Koerner sets out, then, not simply to refute a traditional over-simplification but to explore just how Dürer's repeated efforts to imprison himself in two dimensions came out of a particular, three-dimensional historical experience—while insisting that those efforts cannot be confined to that experience, and that the historian can no more reproduce the three dimensions of the past in prose than the artist can do so in paint. Like all good magicians, Koerner keeps his best trick simple. Instead of teasing out what these pictures mean, Koerner asks what tasks they carried out. And not surprisingly, in this age of reflexivity, they turn out above all to comment on the work of art itself: on its virtues, its defects and its status.

The first substantial part of the book concentrates above all on Dürer's painted self-portrait in the Alte Pinakothek in Munich, a startling full-face image, painted in 1500. Dürer catches himself before a dark background, between his own monogram and a Latin caption. The picture will dazzle readers, as it dazzles visitors in Munich, by its meticulous, almost hallucinatory precision in evoking cloth and fur, the artist's long streaming hair, slender, expressive face and one delicate hand. But Koerner wants it to do more: to testify, as a star witness, to the triumphs and the tragedies of northern art in that moment, around 1500, when German intellectuals suddenly felt that they could challenge the Italians for cultural pre-eminence in every realm from classical scholarship to the visual arts.

His interpretation gains support from the picture's date and the artist's carefully recorded age. At 28, as Dürer probably knew, he had reached an astrologically defined climacteric year, a multiple of seven; also an age that at least some of the many traditional doctrines about the human lifespan identified as one's prime. As to the year, humanists that Dürer knew, such as the poet Conrad Celtis, saw it as the beginning of a new age in which Germany would begin to play a central position in world history, as, they thought, it had long before. Textual material, some of it quite traditional, thus forms part of Koerner's stage setting. But the image itself—in which, many modern viewers have thought, Dürer deliberately represents himself as the Savior—plays the central role in his argument.

Did Dürer portray himself as Christ? Could an artist of his time do so? To answer these questions, Koerner deploys a technique that he uses throughout the book: systematic comparison of a particularly controlled and penetrating kind. Portraits of Martin Luther—including the famous Catholic polemical image of him as a man with seven heads—suggest that Renaissance portraitists portrayed their subjects not as a single, unchanging essence but as players of varying roles. A seventeenth-century image of Christ by George Vischer, which quotes Dürer's self-portrait to represent the Savior, shows that an artist more than 300 years closer to Dürer than we are could see the self-portrait as an image of Jesus. "Reception"—an approach widely applied to literature in the last generation, especially in Germany—here shows its fruitfulness when applied to visual images; the use that later artists made of Dürer's work sheds light, again and



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

again, on his enterprise.

But identifying the visual type that Dürer's work belongs to hardly amounts to a full account of the work. What did it mean for an artist to compare himself to Christ? That he practiced the disciplines of late medieval piety and sought to apply the principles of *Imitatio Christi* in his own life? That he saw the proportion and beauty of the human form as an *imago Dei*, in fact as the sharpest *imago Dei* in our imperfect physical world? Art historians have suggested both readings, which in some way tame the image. They use its historical context to explain that it makes no extravagant claims. Koerner, by contrast, insists that a tension lies at the core of the work: a tension between the visual tradition of representing Christ's face and the new enterprise of the autonomous self-portrait "that Dürer can be said to have invented for the north." By juxtaposing the two enterprises, Koerner holds, Dürer tried not to express a stable relationship between his self and Christ but to state a new set of arguments and claims about the nature of the visual arts.

To teach us to see the image as he does, Koerner embeds it in a series of contexts, each of which focuses our attention on a particular feature of the work. Formally, he argues, it belongs to a particular tradition of Christian icons: the faces of Christ, looking directly forward, that supposedly derived from the Veronica, the sweat cloth on which an image of the divine features was imprinted without the work of human hands. Rich visual and verbal material, skillfully mobilized, shows that Dürer knew this tradition of imagery intimately and continued it himself in various forms.

Koerner also points out that Jan van Eyck had already interposed questions about the artist's self into this tradition, with its rhetoric of absolutely faithful reproduction, supposedly carried out by divine intervention rather than by the artist's hand. Van Eyck's *Holy Face*, now in London, uses a painted, three-dimensional looking frame to set off the image of Christ's face from the onlooker in a coherent space of its own, though the traditional Veronic image floated out of space and time. A signature and the motto *Als ik kan*, "As I can," emphasized the human and creative component in van Eyck's version of icon-making. When Dürer took care to show viewers that he himself had made an image of a traditional kind, the value of which supposedly depended on the fact that no one had made it—when he underlined the modernity and the contingency of an icon, the content of which should theoretically have been dictated by traditional, inviolable rules—he was writing (or rather, painting) himself into a northern tradition.

But Dürer made richer pictorial play of these motifs. Consider, for example, his hands, which were praised in his lifetime for their beauty. Only one hand, at first sight the right one, appears in the self-portrait. It touches the fur border of his robe and points upwards. In fact, however, as Koerner shows, the portrait offers a mirror image: the hand shown is the left hand. The right hand, fully occupied with the task of painting, is present also—but implicitly. It is embodied in the matchless, meticulous detail of the work it created, rather than represented. Dürer thus cannot render every detail of the visual field: the working hand is both present and absent, perfection both given and taken away by the same divinely gifted member. But the left hand also makes more than one point. Represented as a member of great beauty, it reflects Dürer's constant, ever-frustrated search for the ideal proportions of the human body. Marked by idiosyncratic details, it embodies the effort to portray the world as it was that also inspired Dürer to produce the dazzlingly soft, strokable-looking fur of his collar (and, as Koerner rightly suggests, his breathtaking images of rabbits, plants, even a clod of earth). The painting thus quotes a tradition of images held to be perfect, inhuman and immortal, to dramatize the efforts of a fallible, human and mortal artist.

Koerner's close attention to other features of the work—such as the representation of the artist's hair, at once the symbol of his high art and the reminder of his sinful, even wild morality—confirms this reading. So does his rich analysis of Dürer's later efforts to explore the dialectical relationship between ideal beauty and living human flesh, through his engravings and drawings of the nude. A profoundly ambivalent nude self-portrait, brilliantly discussed by Koerner, illustrates Dürer's sometimes shocking modernity, and makes a highly appropriate close to this part of the book. Equally appropriate and telling is a very long second section, a book in itself, about Dürer's student Hans Baldung Grien.

That complex, bizarre artist receives from Koerner his first full-scale interpretation in English. Born in 1484 or 1485 into a cultivated Strassburg family, Baldung had contact through his relatives with both the traditional learning of the universities and the new clas-


**Radical Right-Wing Populism in Western Europe**

*Hans-Georg Betz*

Alarming levels of unemployment, violent attacks against minority groups, widespread disaffection with the political system—the turmoil in Western Europe has led to the rise of radical right-wing parties. In this important new book, Hans-Georg Betz exposes the ideologies and programs of the new right-wing populists. Betz argues that, given the magnitude of the problems confronting Western Europe, such parties are bound to play a significant role in the region's politics for the foreseeable future.

288 pp • $18.95 pb

**The Promises We Keep**

Human Rights, the Helsinki Process and American Foreign Policy

*William Korey*

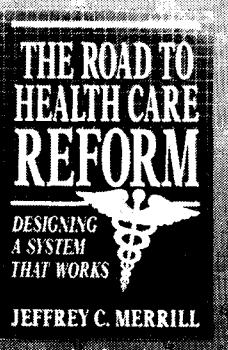
560 pp • $19.95 pb

St. Martin's Press

Scholarly & Reference Division • 1-800-221-7945

*"A penetrating and lucid analysis of American health care."*

—Robert Ebert, Ph.D., M.D., Former Dean of the Harvard Medical School




Jeffrey C. Merrill —formerly Principal Health Economist for the U.S. Congressional Budget Office and past Director of Legislation and Policy for the Health Care and Financing Administration—offers a *fresh, pragmatic, and nonideologic* approach to health care reform that draws on the successful innovations of other nations to forge a uniquely American system.

0-306-44770-3/301 pp. + index/ill./1994
$29.95 ($35.94 outside US & Canada)

Plenum Publishing Corporation
233 Spring Street,
New York, NY 10013-1578

Telephone orders: 212-620-8000/1-800-221-9369



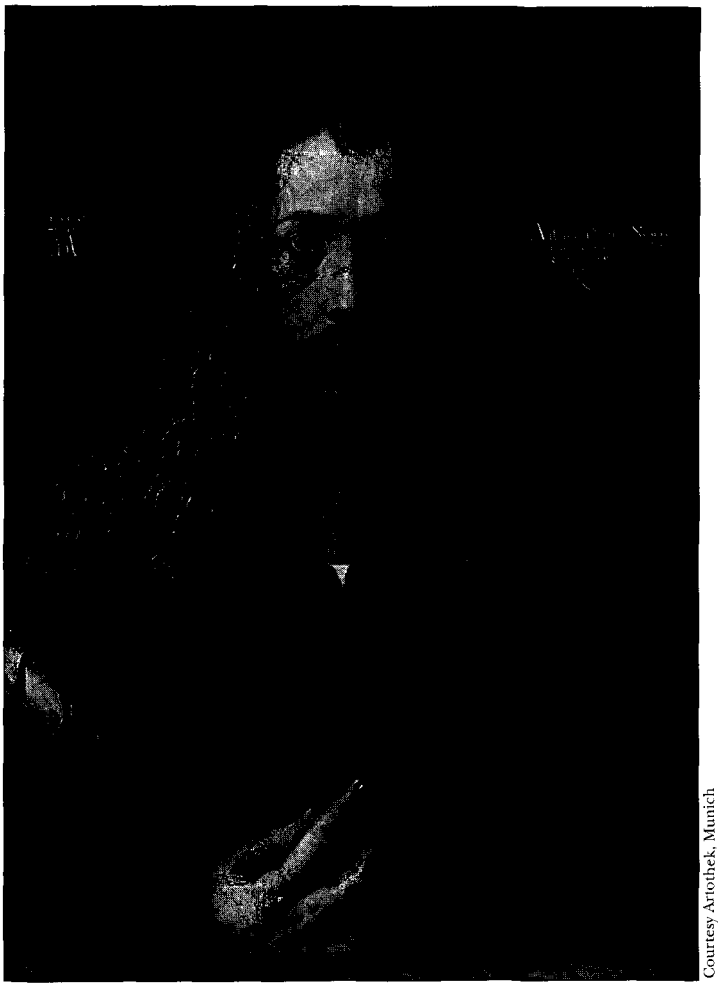

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sical scholarship of the humanists. He worked and studied in Dürer's studio, which he may even have managed for a time. And his virtually Oedipal relation to his master's brush enabled him to reveal, again and again, the worm at the core of Dürer's Edenic apple, the canker at the center of his complex, perfect rose.

Dürer's range of imagery extended from the ideal and classical forms of his Adam and Eve to the terrifyingly literal detail of his illustrations of the Book of Revelation. Baldung, by contrast, devoted himself above all to the worm that eats and the flesh that corrodes. Dürer's images of Adam and Eve, as Koerner shows, rest on what he (and virtually all other Renaissance artists) saw as the central practice of classical art. By selecting the best possible members from a variety of models and by appropriating poses and forms from classical statues, Dürer made his first man and woman, whom he showed at the very instant of their sin, embody the perfection that came before the Fall. His ability to reconstruct that perfection, on the other hand, asserted that art could momentarily redeem what sin had destroyed.

Baldung painted and engraved Adam and Eve again and again, sometimes copying Dürer directly. But his images differ radically from his master's. The moment of choice has passed. Sly expressions and lubricious gestures show that corruption has taken place. Adam reaches for Eve's breasts, and in one version seems to be entering her from behind. History has begun; and as Mark Twain pointed out, when complaining that God should have put Martin Luther and Joan of Arc in Eden, it looks like a bad idea.

A vast range of Baldung's other works imagine and explore, in lovingly horrified detail, the damage done by death and time, and the horrors that may lie outside both: from a strange engraving of death attacking a knight with a pitchfork, which Koerner analyzes at eloquent length, to a long series of images, complex, sensuous and powerful, in which Baldung shows witches at acrobatic play, to the famous, manifestly pornographic works in which death or a diabolic figure confronts or attacks a partly draped woman. The fantasy that expresses itself in every detail of these works—from the strange gases that witches produce by farting to the thick sausages they cook and eat, which may just be the penises Germans thought witches liked to remove and hide in birds' nests—rivals Goya's sheer macabre elaboration of detail. Yet it lacks Goya's humanity. Baldung collaborated in the production of an image of witchcraft, spun by learned lunatics from a few fantastic assumptions and thin air, that would result in thousands of deaths as German lawyers, courts and ordinary people collaborated for the next century and a half in hunting down supposed witches, using torture as their standard means of inquiry.



Courtesy Artothek, Munich

ALBRECHT DÜRER, *SELF-PORTRAIT* (1500)

Koerner analyzes these works with close attention, great energy and just a dash of late-'80s P.C. Baldung, he argues, gave graphic form to all the confusions of male desire: between making love and doing violence, between male fear of women and female hatred of men, between female seductiveness and male lust. The onlooker is pulled into the image, forced to admit that he—the onlooker is certainly a man—finds the female sexual organs as visually compelling as they are artfully concealed. This pictorial technique, in turn, is suggestively juxtaposed with an analysis of the elder Cranach's religious art. In a Lutheran culture that took as its first article of faith the total depravity of man, Baldung's artistic version of "gotcha" could perhaps perform a theological function as well as a pornographic one. His pictorial traps suggested that high art, like Mosaic Law, presented its high ideals not to save, but to condemn sinners whom only divine grace could redeem.

Baldung also subverted Dürer's self-portrait. In a great engraving circa 1544, Baldung represented himself as a groom, lying flat on a stable floor, his impressively large feet toward the viewer. Baldung drastically foreshortened and flattened his face, which is far less prominent than his feet or the genitals that swell under his codpiece. Behind him stands one of Dürer's powerful horses. Through the stable window a witch looks into the room, gesturing wildly with a torch. Baldung uses a classically simple picture space and a meticulously rendered horse, both taken from his master, to subvert Dürer's hard-won classical decorum.

For, in a famous late engraving, Dürer had represented an artist dealing with a nude in the proper way. On a table, cramped and awkward, lies a naked woman. Separated from her by a screen designed to help lay out the perspective in his picture space, an artist stares decorously, using an instrument that looks like an obelisk, at her genitals. Dürer's professional artist, secure in his code of conduct, studies the female body with masterful calm. Baldung himself, overcome by lust or magic, writhes on the floor and displays his sexuality. He is literally fallen. No redemptive self-portrait can conceal the human sinfulness that leers from every image of a beautiful man or woman—even from Dürer's image of himself as Christ. So much for the calm, unemotional study of naked bodies that Dürer had claimed to practice.

No summary can do justice to the



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

richness of Koerner's pictorial material, or to the pleasure that his deft and eloquent analyses inspire. Yet Koerner is not as generous as he should be to some of his predecessors, the ones he criticizes and the ones he praises. His summaries of Panofsky and Wirth, which serve polemical purposes, do not do justice to the arguments that they wish to dismantle. Though his application of "reception theory" to images draws on the exemplary earlier work of Thomas Kaufmann, Kaufmann is cited only as an authority, not as a model; and as an art historian committed to the close study of form, Koerner could have said more about one fairly obvious formal point, which is the simple fact that very little of Baldung's work can rival his master's, that Baldung's wild horses show less energy than Dürer's tame ones.

More seriously, Koerner's interpretations of written evidence sometimes lack the deftness and the precision that make his readings of images so compelling. This problem becomes particularly acute when he analyzes, at length, the painted, engraved and written words and letters that appear in many works by Dürer and Baldung. Koerner convincingly argues that this material should play a central role in the interpretation of the works in question. He shows that Dürer used texts not only to date his self-portrait and many other works, but also to assert his authorship of them—a claim that proved especially problematic in the case of graphic works that existed in many copies, and which rivals counterfeited and sold as his. An absorbing chapter describes Dürer's successful effort to defend his sole right to sell copies of his prints with his own authenticating monogram; and an elegant counterpart analyzes Baldung's subversive use of forms of signature that parodied Dürer's. Koerner leaves no doubt that Dürer's written claims to originality as an artist reflected the particular conditions of a new art market that he did much to create, as well as the personal aspirations that gave rise to the Munich self-portrait.

Perplexities arise, however, when Koerner sets out to analyze the intellectual content of Dürer's painted words—for example, the classically elegant inscription on the engraving of the *Fall*, in which Dürer says that he "was making" (*faciebat*) the image in 1504. (A similar formula appears on the self-portrait of 1500.) Koerner rightly connects Dürer's choice of the imperfect tense, rather than the simple past tense, with the practice of ancient Greek sculptors. As he also points out, this had been discussed in the most extended classical work on the visual arts, the long section on sculpture in the elder Pliny's encyclopedic *Natural History*, which Dürer's learned friend Pirckheimer called to his attention. Koerner takes Dürer's revival of an ancient custom as a powerful statement about his modern artistic practice: "Following an ancient practice recorded in Pliny and rediscovered by Pirckheimer ... Dürer signed his work with *faciebat* to suggest that the making of the work is never fully complete and past but remains always active and ongoing." In quoting this formula and related ones, Koerner argues, Dürer used German classical scholarship to assert that he had reached the highest possible levels of originality and perfection: "though man's moment of perfection has passed, art can reoccupy a space prior to fallen history." Dürer's novel signatures thus formed an integral part of the German "moment of self-portraiture."

Koerner rightly insists on the importance of these written clues, but his sleuthing skills fail him when he tries to trace them to their historical point of origin. Italians, not Germans, were the ones who realized that ancient artists had cast their signatures in the imperfect. The Florentine scholar Angelo Poliziano recorded, in his *Miscellanea* of 1489, that he and a friend had found a pedestal in Rome that bore the words "Lysippos was making this" in Greek. He explained that the ancients had used this formula not to heighten their claims to artistic achievement, but to limit them: as a statement that even their most finished works of art were, necessarily, incomplete. Only three Greek sculptures had been signed in a different way, indicating that they were absolutely finished—and these signatures had made the works in question quite unpopular. Poliziano's book attracted fascinated attention throughout Europe. When Pirckheimer told Dürer to write *faciebat*, he did not claim a discovery of his own but advised his friend to show conformity with the most up-to-date Italian scholarship. Moreover, both of them must have known that Dürer, in doing so, would not be claiming perfection for his work, but admitting its limitations.

Admittedly, Dürer did not always feel modest when a project reached completion. A close analysis of the variant forms of his signature, which Koerner does not offer, would yield a fascinating story of artistic mood swings. While in Venice, for example, where Dürer exulted in the fact that he felt like a gen-


THE ENEMY WITHIN

The McClellan Committee's Crusade Against Jimmy Hoffa and Corrupt Labor Unions

by **Robert F. Kennedy**

New introduction by Edwin Guthman

"Well before he became Attorney General in 1961, Robert Kennedy had developed a deep concern about the pervasive threat of organized crime in our society. In this book, he laid out the facts, and it is one of his lasting contributions to the nation."
—Senator Edward M. Kennedy

"As zestful a tale of a congressional probe as ever rolled off the presses."
—*Chicago Tribune*

$14.95 paperback
Available at your bookstore;
or call 800-321-0050

**DA CAPO PRESS**
233 Spring Street, New York NY 10013

**Want to brush up on a foreign language?**

With Audio-Forum's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign-language skills.

Besides intermediate and advanced audio-cassette courses—most developed for the U.S. State Department—we offer foreign-language mystery dramas, dialogs recorded in Paris, games, music, and many other helpful materials. And if you want to learn a new language, we have beginning courses for adults and for children.

We offer introductory and advanced materials in most of the world's languages: French, German, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Mandarin, Greek, Russian, Arabic, Korean, and others.

Our 56-page *Whole World Language Catalog* offers courses in 91 languages. Call 1-800-345-8501 or write for your free copy. Our 22nd year.

**AUDIO-FORUM®**
Room G942, 96 Broad Street,
Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tleman, not a mere craftsman, he wrote on one work: "Albrecht Dürer the German brought this forth [*exegit*] in five months"—an obvious allusion to an ode of the Roman poet Horace, which begins *Exegi monumentum aere perennius* ("I have brought forth a monument that will outlast bronze"). This amounted to the claim—a central one of Renaissance artists—that the visual arts enjoyed the same cultural status as the verbal ones, and the artist himself the same intellectual and social status as a scholar or writer. Nowhere does the distance of Dürer's world from our own come through more clearly than in the great artist's desire to share the exalted status of a classical scholar. He went so far as to describe another image as "the work of five days," a blasphemous allusion to the fact that God had taken five or six days to create the world.

But the existence of these elegant variations only underlines the importance of Dürer's normal practice. The imperfect was his tense of choice, and the attitude it expressed was the one he normally felt (or thought he should feel). These brief, elegant captions reveal both Dürer's pride in authorship and his shame about the incompleteness of his own creations. As vividly as Baldung's parodies, and more directly, they mirror the artist's awareness of the incompleteness of all picturing. Small and subtle, the clue as provided by Dürer's signatures are as revealing as fingerprints. They show that the traditions of Italian classical scholarship—as well as those of northern painting—enabled the artist to express the pains and pleasures of his artistic project. Read this way, Dürer looks much more like the figure evoked by Panofsky, who saw *Melencolia I* as the artist's profound analysis of the human creator's necessary and appropriate dejection and Dürer himself as the most creative of intermediaries between Italy and the north, than Koerner would have us think. Thus the best of revisionist scholarship proves closer in results than in spirit to the tradition that it attacks. Koerner's northern "moment of self-portraiture" threatens to dissolve into a richly re-imagined, but recognizably high Renaissance, moment of synthesis.

Both the virtues and the defects of Koerner's project reflect the condition of the discipline that he practices so well. Art history has been in a state of excited internecine debate for so long that crisis has begun to look like stasis. A generation ago the zodiacal sign of the iconographer declined and that of the social historian rose. Down with the old, went the cry; we have identified too many obscure myths and scenes from ancient history. The art historian must not grope about in modern reference works and editions for the forgotten classical text or motif that an artist's hypothetical scholarly adviser might have had in mind, but reconstruct the precise economic, social and cultural world within which the artist actually worked.

This program yielded spectacular results. It broadened the interests of many art historians, including those who did not accept it. It stimulated the production of some brilliantly successful experiments in the writing of art history, in works by Svetlana Alpers, Michael Baxandall, T.J. Clark and Thomas Crow, among others, many of which have become classics. And if it also led to the undervaluing of earlier work and the floating of some balloons that exploded, this was no cause for general dismay. When any discipline takes a new shape, anti-traditionalist rhetoric becomes the standard mode for framing one's work as virtuous and innovative, and several *Hindenburgs* are produced for every *Spirit of St. Louis.*

But one feature of the new art history raises serious questions. As schools form, the hypotheses of pioneers have a tendency to become facts for their students. Questions turn into answers, and experimental equipment designed to yield new data metamorphosizes into a sausage machine that makes all data, however discordant, look and taste alike. The practitioners of the new art history insisted from the outset that northern art had distinctive traditions and qualities. They argued, further, that one could not reconstruct its underlying aesthetic from contemporary theoretical texts, since those texts normally took too classical and Italianate a line to shed light on artistic practice. The works themselves—and a rich range of documents establishing their precise localized social and cultural context—must lie at the center of the inquiry. Sharp breaks, concentrated moments of change, and the northernness of the north called for particularly intense study.

These principles, which began as hypotheses, inspire Koerner's work in large part, and account for much of its excellence. But these same principles—and his reluctance to subject them to sharp critical analysis—also explain his weaknesses: his overinsistence on providing a local, northern genealogy for Dürer's ideas and practices, and his failure to notice the telltale bits of mud and

## *After the Storm*

Ancient borassus palms, masculine and feminine,
rise on this coast as they soared in Eden,

and yearn to join yet stand, earth, sky between them.
See them now, after the storm—

call it a whirlwind, or someone's cross phrase—
cracked the mangos' trunks, but spared these trees.

Each closes leafy fans above hard wood
that wraps the visionary self inside.

In a van Eyck painting, man and wife are seen
and see: a convex mirror throws back curtains

and well-wishers behind the viewer;
and, in a Beckett play, a man hears

himself on a reel-to-reel recorder
speaking of a brighter, but unwanted, summer.

So the self gathers, multiplies, alone.
In this replanted Eden, newly grown

palms breathe free, unbent by other palms,
and bear fruit when they are ready, in their time.

**GRACE SCHULMAN**



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gravel that enabled the detectives of an earlier generation to follow some of these back to Italy. Koerner, in short, reveals some of the strains that characterize his own time in the history of his profession. His book, too, is a moment of self-portraiture.

Koerner's accomplishments are nonetheless remarkable. He sets Dürer into a rich new context that complements and enriches those provided by previous interpreters. He brilliantly explores Baldung's life and work. More generally, he analyzes and dramatizes a fascinating place, time and culture that is less well known than it should be in America and England. His book should find admiring—as well as contentious—readers long after the particular moment to which it belongs has passed.

ANTHONY GRAFTON teaches European intellectual history at Princeton University.

# *The Art of Memory*

**BY JOHN HOLLANDER**

## A Silence Opens by Amy Clampitt

**(Knopf, 96 pp., $20)**

Amy Clampitt's poetry appeared instructively late, not so much in the poet's own life (she was, indeed, in her 60s when *The Kingfisher* was published in 1983) but in the history of post-war American poetry. It was astonishing to read a book that seemed to defy fashion so profoundly. The poems confronted evidences of both cultural and natural history with a cast of feeling made more intense by knowledge. Their narrator was present in them not to demand acknowledgment of her feelings, but to lead readers through moral meanings to a confrontation with their own feelings. Moreover, it was one of those very rare first books of verse (like Wallace Stevens's *Harmonium*, Elizabeth Bishop's *North and South* and John Ashbery's *Some Trees*) which seems in retrospect not to be a "first" book at all, but to possess all the authority of a poetic voice that had already heard its earlier works, recognized what was essential in them, put away the childish things—as St. Paul called "certain more general concerns and attachments of our lives"—and listened to the acknowledged, rescued essentials as to the voice of a muse.

Despite invocations by critics of the "influence" of Hopkins (owing perhaps to her nonce allusion to his trope of the kingfisher), of Keats, Donne and so forth, what Clampitt really seemed to have was something of Auden. This was not only the poetic acknowledgment of the life of the mind as the life of the heart, of a world in which cultural and historical fact were authentically part of nature. It involved also a mode of distancing, in which the expression of feelings about objects of experience was rejected as being sentimental and falsifying, whereas the representation of those feelings—in tropes, models, indirect reports, allegorical constructions—was considered true to emotion and to the almost sacred human activity of representing.

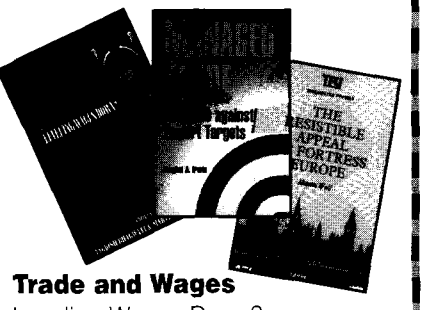
But Clampitt also spoke to readers who had read and heard of a good deal: a minor but lovely meditative epigram in her first book contemplates the ancient yet very shallow (never more than seven meters deep) Lago di Trasimeno south of Cortona. Instead of posing a question, say of shallowness and beauty, the epigram copes with the inextricability of Umbria from Umbrian painting and invokes "the filtered tint, / wet lake-hue into fresco, Piero / della Francesca laid like rain / over sky, drapery, the roofs of houses ..." and Perugino's "space / looking inward, transparency set breathing / to commend an attitude ..." These are the concerns neither of chatty travel-notes, no matter how elegant, nor of lurid confessionals that might typify poems that were, respectively, older-fashioned and newer-fashioned than this one. They are part of the matter of Stevens's strange apothegm, "Things seen are things as seen." Like so many of Clampitt's anecdotes, occasions, scenes and subjects, they provide not a narrative, but an epistemological fable for moral speculation.

Marianne Moore, stationary and authoritative, put specimens of quiddity under her magnifying lens; Clam-


THE AEI PRESS

NEW BOOKS ON

TRADE POLICY



**Trade and Wages**
Leveling Wages Down?

*Edited by Jagdish Bhagwati and Marvin H. Kosters*

Describes recent wage trends, analyzes trade theory implications, and examines whether the evidence supports a causal relationship between trade and wages.

September 1994, 120 pages, $29.95 cloth

**Managed Trade**
The Case against Import Targets

*By Douglas A. Irwin*

Will Voluntary Import Expansions (VIEs) be our next weapon against closed foreign markets? The author uses the experience of the semiconductor VIE to find them arbitrary, anticompetitive, and discriminatory.

September 1994, 104 pages, $14.95 paper

**The Resistible Appeal of Fortress Europe**

*By Martin Wolf*

The European Community's historic approach to the world economy—an uncomfortable compromise between liberalism and protectionism—raises serious doubts about whether it is capable of rising to the challenge of playing a central role in establishing a prosperous and liberal world economy.

April 1994, 72 pages, $10.00 paper

AVAILABLE IN BOOKSTORES
OR BY PHONE: **1-800-269-6267**




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pitt, on her travels, seemed to carry a unique lens of her own, for whose curvature there was no algorithm but the corpus of her poems. One could say, I suppose, that her work occasionally shows that wonderful power that marked Elizabeth Bishop's, of moving almost imperceptibly from the Very Well Put (in Bishop's case, too many admirers used to be trapped in that) to the profoundly figurative: for example, in "Townhouse Interior with Cat," the cat "declines, called out / of hiding, to recall past tête-à-têtes / of sparring hand-to-paw ... We see her disappear / into her own devices ..." Here Clampitt progresses from head-hand wordplay to the more fundamental question of how feline ways pose unique problems of interpretation.

And there was, of course, her superbly mature and controlled diction, which spoke for itself with the elegance that in poetry can constitute—rather than vitiate—power. As Eliot observed, outstandingly controlled diction is all the more necessitated by forms of free verse. It was no accident that Clampitt's ear for *vers libre* was as assured and instrumental as is Anthony Hecht's or James Merrill's for (in their very different ways) iambic lines. Naïveté about the rhythms of syntax as well as flatness and unexamined vulgarity of diction help to make so much solemn bad verse today toneless, and Clampitt's poems already sound like part of the landscape itself rather than merely part of our bad—admittedly long—spell of poetic weather.

*The Kingfisher* seemed to bypass the grim condition of excessive literalism (of religion, politics, complaint and boast) that began to beset American verse in so many new books (and in books by older poets who had not acquired immunity to it) around 1962. It was followed by an astonishingly impressive sequence of four more books over the next ten years, a series marked by the particularly impressive volume called *Westward* in 1990. A whole oeuvre had established itself in a remarkably short time, after a remarkably long one.

What the astute younger critic Roger Gilbert has defined as the genre of "the walk-poem," Clampitt has modulated in a characteristic way. A literal account of travel and arrival is replaced by the mental journey into the significance of a place, a scene, a living creature, an object. A spot or place, which she sees as a siege of meanings, can be sought as the object of an excursion, or simply come upon, in that great mode of fruitful accident that has been a poetic occasion from Wordsworth on. Clampitt seems to be concerned continually with the interdependence of these modes of finding. And her *topoi*—the Greek word meaning "places," from which we get our modern "topics"—always see places, as well as moods or modes of observation of them, as constituted by historical processes.

Clampitt's most recent poems seem to me to be among her best. Her new book confirms the contour of a major body of work. It is also illumined with a late light. I am thinking particularly of "'Eighty-nine," an elegy not only on the death of a young man, but on the objects of belated memories. It touches base with Keats's "To Autumn" ("Season of contaminated mists, / of premises abandoned, the heartland / curdling in a spate of messages...") only to call up not merely "That time of year thou mayest in me behold"—the personal autumn of Shakespeare's great sonnet—but a sense of our bad, autumnal times for serious discourse. Among others I admire, too, are a splendid poem about Pocahontas; the impressive "Seed"; the strong and resonant blank verse version of Canto IX of Dante's *Inferno* (where the Furies threaten Dante the Pilgrim with the head of Medusa outside the City of Dis); and the very moving triptych of remembrances comprising the "Manhattan" sequence.

Among the other very fine poems in this very fine book is "Sed de Correr," a heartbreaking transformation of the genre of plaint for dead poets, save that it is for exiled modern writers and treats the more general thirst for being on the run that is invoked in its title. Full of regained memories of loss, it ends with an all-but-inevitable trope: invoking a tree remembered from childhood and an image of Lorca's, a general disaspora emerges in the leaves that are both Sybilline and, more anciently, figures for human lives.

> ...The axe is laid
> at the root of the ash tree. The leaves of
> dispersal,
> the runaway pages, surround us. Who
> will hear? Who will gather
> them in? Who will read them?

The remarkable poem "Matrix" evolves very quickly from what might have been a poetic snapshot of the Villa Serbelloni in Bellagio into something very different. Descending from the heights of the social scale (from villa to village), the speaker encounters a procession of worshipers on their way to a shrine, and notes that

> if, swaying with them, the pagan thrill
>
> I felt had in it something wistful,
> the thing I hankered after was no
> rite but a foundation, the bedrock
>
> that survives, the banded strata,
> hurled reliquary of the drowned,
> remnant of uncountable transformings:
>
> precipice, gray limestone I've looked up
> into the face of until the looking up
> amounted to an attitude of worship:
>
> stone that rings underfoot, whose surfaces
> grow populous with doors as a tuned
> instrument, eloquent of what lived once,
>
> is now the stuff of cliffs, of crypts,
> of hideaways....

This book opens on, and with, and in, sound; and it ends in silence. The first poem—like so many good opening ones it is an allegory of invitation to a reader, of prospectus, of establishment of mode—is worth a close look here. It invites consideration of the musical panpipe, which was made from the reed into which the nymph Syrinx was transformed to allow her to escape the clutches of Pan, whose sigh of loss resounded through it. As such, like Apollo's lyre, it would be a trope for poetry. But we quickly learn that the "syrinx" here is the vocal organ of birds; and we are taken to the figuration of poetic language through a detailed rejection of older myths—poetry as birdsong, or as aeolian music, played by the wind on the strings of an instrument unfingered by human touch.

> Like the foghorn that's all lung,
> the wind chime that's all percussion,
> like the wind itself, that's merely air
> *in a terrible fret, without so much*
> as a finger to articulate
> what ails it, the aeolian
> syrinx, that reed
> in the throat of a bird,
> when it comes to the shaping of
> what we call consonants, is
> too imprecise for consensus
> about what it even seems
> to be saying....

This is finally about poetry, which must distrust too much opening up lest it admit inanity. And indeed, the poem's conclusion leads through a powerful consideration of generality and transcendence in music as language:

> ...as the diva
> onstage, all soaring
> pectoral breathwork,
> takes off, pure vowel
> breaking free of the dry,
> the merely fricative
> husk of the particular, rises
> past saying anything, any
> more than the wind in
> the trees, waves breaking....

Poetry, rejoicing in particulars, aspires



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nonetheless to rise past ordinary saying as beyond ordinary singing into (what? something more puzzling and enduring?). But "Syrinx," comprising the opening sounds of *A Silence Opens*, closes terrifyingly enough:

> ... the trees, waves breaking,
> or Homer's gibbering
> *Thespesiae iachē*:
>
> those last-chance vestiges
> above the threshold, the all-
> but dispossessed of breath.

Homer's words ("unearthly wail") describe the cries uttered by the souls as they crowd around Odysseus in the land of the dead. We are left with a contingent eloquence just this side of silence.

And it is "A Silence," the strangely disjunct, somewhat Williams-like final poem, from which the book takes its title. (It remains crucially ambiguous, I should think, whether the verb in "a silence opens" is intransitive or not—in which latter case, the sentence remains an open fragment.) The opening poem seems to lead directly to "A Silence," which takes a fierce look at moments of revelation—

> past parentage or gender
> beyond sung vocables
> the slipped-between
> the so infinitesimal
> fault line
> a limitless
> interiority

—moments of revelation that, terrifyingly enough, can also be construed as moments of utter finality, an opening which half-reveals and half-conceals how much it is also a closure.

JOHN HOLLANDER's most recent books are *Selected Poetry* and *Tesserae*, published by Knopf.

# *On the Beach*

**BY JAMES HAMILTON-PATERSON**

## The Lure of the Sea: The Discovery of the Seaside in the Western World by Alain Corbin translated by Jocelyn Phelps

**(University of California Press, 380 pp., $35)**

## Alongshore by John R. Stilgoe

**(Yale University Press, 443 pp., $35)**

Why did it take people (in the Western world, at least) so long to become curious about their surroundings? Practically nobody in Europe before the eighteenth century ever visited mountains, still fewer climbed an alp for fun. Nor did people from inland visit coastal regions with the least pleasure or curiosity. Not until painters began interesting themselves in the sea were ordinary landlubbers tentatively reassured that it might be worth a look. Since in the Low Countries the coastal sea was spectacularly mobile, the lives of many more citizens than mere fishermen were directly influenced and threatened by it. We need not be surprised that the first great seascape painters were Dutch.

The sudden growth in the eighteenth century of the "natural sciences" (which included botany, geology, zoology and the beginnings of oceanography) provoked intense interest among Europe's upper classes and educated elites. People began looking at their landscapes in a new way. Before that, however, what had the seashore or the mountains meant to them? We are faced with a strange phenomenon: just as people cannot see something unless they can first match it against a pre-existing mental construct, so our recent ancestors apparently were unable to view the ocean as a possible source of interest, let alone pleasure, until given a reason. Scanning today's holiday brochures with their uniform pictures of sun, fun and surf, it seems incredible.

What, for heaven's sake, kept us so long? The short answer is the Bible, but for a more interesting reason than its morality. Last fall I reviewed, in these pages, Charles Sprawson's history of swimming, *Haunts of the Black Masseur* (see "Marine Dreams," October 25, 1993), and at one point expressed doubts about a question that struck me as inadequately answered. If the Greeks and Romans had so celebrated the invigorating and sensual pleasures of bathing, why did such a fundamental human activity largely die out for the next 1,400 years? Sprawson seemed to suggest that this strange hiatus was the result of a Christian taboo on nudity, with its overtones of classical paganism and degeneracy. But this could be only a partial explanation. Surely there was something missing.

There *was* something missing, and Alain Corbin's deeply researched and scholarly book supplies the answer. It wasn't that the sea was immoral, so much as downright disgusting. It filled inlanders with a fear and loathing backed up by theology rather than ethics. The theory—as, for example, summed up in 1684 in Thomas Burnet's *The Theory of the Earth*—went that the sea had been notably absent from the Garden of Eden. The real sea appeared after Noah as a remnant of the Flood; it was a divine reminder of that cataclysm for our perpetual instruction and edification. Appropriately, its manifestations were grotesque and terrifying: an abyss full of tumbled debris; jagged reefs and coasts and cliffs; graceless and higgeldy-piggeldy lumps of land in the form of islands; monsters of the deep. Since the neo-Hippocratic theories of the day were obsessed with notions of infection, it was widely believed by theologians that men had continued living in mountains long after the Ark grounded on Ararat in order to escape the stench of drowned and rotting creatures that choked the seas. The oceans were tainted for evermore.

Revolutions in social attitudes are never as simply linear as they appear when recounted as history, especially when spread over three centuries and across several cultures. How Europeans in general moved from this theologically based disgust with the ocean to ecstatic bikini-clad wallowing in its shallows is immensely complicated. Philosophical traditions are entwined with changing fashions, with aesthetic and medical theories, with eroticism and oceanography and economics and railway-building and a dozen other wildly diverse *topoi*. Corbin covers this difficult ground meticulously and without condescension, particularly in his description of how early eighteenth-century theology was forced into revisionism to accommodate the great arrival of natural science.

The Flood had not, after all, left a chaotic heap of ruins. Rather, it had been God's refashioning of the Earth for his frail human creatures. The new sys-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tematics of scientists such as Linnaeus could actually reveal the sublime blueprint of Creation. This transformed any landscape or environment into a potential inventory of marvels, while at the same time offering an aesthetic spectacle. It was a radical change in thinking that, as Corbin astutely notes, became "one of the deep motivations for touristic travel." (His translator is a little wooden here and there.) So within a bare half-century a way of looking at nature developed that to some extent persists to this day.

The nineteenth-century French historian Jules Michelet claimed that the invention of the sea took place in 1750. Corbin modifies this date to account for the fashion of therapeutic bathing that in England, at any rate, had begun decades earlier. (By 1735 there were already bathing machines at Scarborough.) How the sea and the beach were first associated with health, and adopted by visitors from the urban elite, is fascinating. It turns out that the roots of our beach culture are traceable to the anxiety of the post-1688 English aristocracy over their physical frailness, their "spleen," their pallor and effete sensibilities, their fear of being outbred by the sturdier peasantry. Against this worried background, John Floyer's *History of Cold Bathing* (1701) was a positive call to arms. By the century's end, "sea cures" abounded and rival quacks and physicians touted different regimes. As Corbin points out, it was the promotion of the curative virtues of seawater that led to the invention of the beach. His discussion of the bullying and near-drowning to which girls and women were subjected in the name of curing menstrual problems is very fine, as are all his reflections on the ways in which therapy, bathing and nudity contributed to the sexualizing of the sea in the last century.

Corbin's scholarly book shares with his social history of olfaction, *The Foul and the Fragrant*, the mildly irritating characteristic of ending in the nineteenth century, as if little of note had changed since. It is one of the many ways in which John Stilgoe differs from Corbin as a historian of the beach. In any case, to judge from Stilgoe's book the history of the beach in New England is substantially different from that in Europe, which was itself far from unitary. Part of the contrast is traceable to the gulf between the authors' viewpoints. No matter that Stilgoe, too, is an academic: his perspective is that of a coastal native, while Corbin's remains that of an urban intellectual, a library-dweller.

Stilgoe styles himself "a barefoot historian," which (if a tad unironic) accounts for the intimate and specialized knowledge that informs his book. In this history of a particular stretch of the Massachusetts coastline he manages, curiously enough, to touch on many of Corbin's strictly continental topics, though in a manner less dry and sequential. Stilgoe's method is to choose a variety of subjects of particular interest to him (salt marshes, wharves, navigation in dangerous shallows, bikinis, tanning, pirates and so on) and through them build up a general picture of how people have related to this landscape, a history and sociology that extends far inland to the cities and even claims to speak for national trends and attitudes.

It is a remarkable, even a brilliant, book. If it lacks some of Corbin's pre-nineteenth-century historical background, it is largely because the descendants of the first settlers who fished and farmed this strip of American coast were less obsessed with theology than with survival. They weren't artists and they weren't tourists. They were seriously into subsistence. What Stilgoe has to say about the arrival of the first tourists in the area, and their impact on a way of life that they scarcely understood, seems more perceptive and consequential than equivalent passages in *The Lure of the Sea*. It is hard to imagine Corbin being able to read the significance of the sea's appearance or the semiotics of beachwear with such fluency as the shoeless scholar gunkholing in his rowboat through these deceptive waters. If, in Europe, landlubbers first came gingerly to the beach, inspired by a painterly tradition to notice the sea's changing colors, it is clear that coastal natives like Stilgoe have always been meteorologists out of sheer self-preservation. It is an attentiveness that extends to the observation, for example, that the colors of swimsuits and freshly painted boats fade steadily throughout the summer, so that by fall the strands and beaches present a different chromatic spectacle. More practically, though, to read the colors of sea and sky for the threat of a sudden squall remains an everyday skill.

Stilgoe's vocabulary is as discriminating as his eye. Questions of nomenclature run throughout the book because the shore is an area requiring its own precisions, unfamiliar as these mostly are to non-locals. "Gunkholing" (whose derivation Stilgoe attributes to the cautious inshore navigation among ever-shifting sandbars) is an essential word for the locality. So is "guzzle," which came over with Kentish settlers in the 1630s to describe a low spot over which the sea floods into salt marshes. Stilgoe's description of these wild and comparatively unloved salt marshes is deeply affectionate. The only other recent account I know that approaches it is one of the short chapters in Vincent Dethier's little classic, *Crickets and Katydids*. Dethier was visiting as a zoologist doing fieldwork; but Stilgoe is on home territory. Once again, it goes to show how very much more of a landscape the informed and particular eye always sees.

The coming of vacationers to Cape Cod was a different process from the beginnings of coastal tourism in Europe. By the late eighteenth century in Britain, for instance, writers and painters had created a sort of shoreline aesthetic for the educated stroller or, as Stilgoe puts it, "something resembling a pair of spectacles to be worn when landscape merged into the coastal realm." Similar attitudes to the New England seaboard were formed much later, and derived principally from Timothy Dwight and Thoreau. The first "summer people" came to Cape Cod in the 1830s, as escapees from Boston's urban ills. They were not much concerned with highfalutin art theory or historical associations. The middle classes had discovered that the seashore offered "rustication" as cheaply as the more distant farms, mountain resorts or lakefront hotels where they normally vacationed.

Between 1845 and 1855 they arrived in hordes, largely to indulge a sudden craze for aquaria and to collect corallines, weed and mollusks. Only after the Civil War did books and magazines try to stimulate an interest in the area itself as "historic." That historicism, together with the region's economic impoverishment, ensured that the poorer and more backward the area became, the more quaint and original it appeared. Compared to the immigrants then pouring into the great East Coast cities, Cape Codders began to strike visitors as authentic Yankees directly descended from the Pilgrim Fathers. Inexorably, between 1880 and 1920, they were fossilized generally into "folk" and individually into "characters."

This particular chapter of *Alongshore* is surely a model description of the various interlocking processes by which a landscape is "discovered" by tourists, and "quaintified" and "antiqued" beyond all recognition. What happened in the end to Thoreau's Cape Cod is essentially no different from what happened—and is happening—to thousands of other tourist destinations the world over. It is often abetted by a writer or an artist whose work sparks off an interest. Thus a



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Briton thinks with a shudder of "Constable Country," "Shakespeare Country," "Brontë Country" and—more recently—"Herriot Country." One presumes that coastal New Englanders are not yet obliged to go about their business dressed as if they had just walked down the *Mayflower*'s gangway, unlike certain Southeast Asian and Polynesian villagers, whose girls are pressured by the tourism authorities to affect all manner of sarongs and grass skirts instead of their normal dress of jeans and Walkman. Stilgoe is pungent about the tourists' sentimental patronage. Onto their ignorance of his highly particular landscape, visitors have grafted their own metropolitan expectations, willfully mistaking economic stagnation for rural tranquillity, and seeing shifting dunescapes as picturesque and romantic rather than as the desertification of a botched ecosystem.

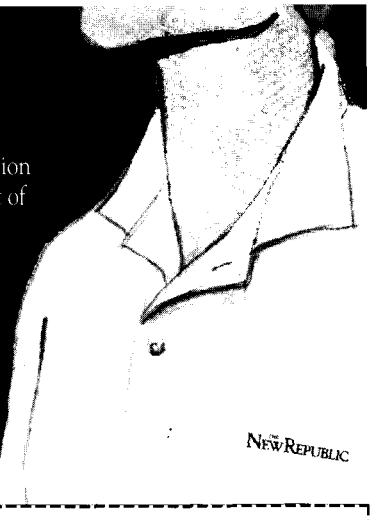
But what of actual bathing, swimming, the fetishistic cavortings of summer? Somewhere about two-thirds of the way through Stilgoe's book come the first faint suggestions that it might have a subtext. I thought I detected a cautionary tone to the eighth chapter, which deals with the coast's strategic history and its vulnerability to attack and invasion (by the British in the early nineteenth century, for example, and by German U-boats in World War II, which sank ships with near impunity off Cape Hatteras and sent shells exploding onto the beaches of Cape Cod). Nowadays, in an era of aerial and smart-missile warfare, the very idea of coastal defense has become an anachronism; and Stilgoe notes how—partly as a result of this amnesic rewriting of history and partly for aesthetic reasons—the hideous and practically indestructible World War II observation towers that dot the coast have dropped out of people's sight into virtual invisibility.

This apparently matter-of-fact description of coastal furniture seems to suggest that it is folly to forget recent history in favor of fashionable technologies and military theories. Stilgoe is evidently nagged by his perception of a larger national complacency, an unpreparedness that he detects in the visitors whom he so narrowly observes. In subsequent chapters on bikinis and risk-taking, his subtext becomes fully visible. Beneath his proper humanist empathies and sociological insights, Stilgoe reveals himself as retaining a core of native ruggedness that secretly scorns—or at least deplores—the unadventurousness and the sheer *unfitness* of today's tourists.

*He traces fashions in beachwear and* bodily exposure back to Hollywood's depictions of pirates as tanned, Latin


THE NEW REPUBLIC
POLO SHIRT

*The New Republic* is proud to present the ultimate fashion statement: *The New Republic* Polo shirt. Fashioned out of 100% cotton and custom embroidered with our logo, *The New Republic* polo will become the staple of your casual wardrobe. It also makes the perfect gift for TNR aficionados on your shopping list. *The New Republic* polo is available in crisp white with the logo embroidered in navy blue, in adult sizes small, medium, large and extra large. Only $24.50 per shirt plus $3.25 for first class shipping. Satisfaction guaranteed! Order yours today.




Name _____
Phone _____
Shipping Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

To order, call toll-free
1-800-875-9151
(M-F, 9-5 EST)

Qty. ____ Size (S,M,L,XL) ____ Total Price _____

*If using Visa, MC or AMEX, please provide the following information:*
Account Number _____ Expiration Date _____
Signature _____

Mail this form along with check or money order made payable to
**TNR Polo Shirt Offer**, 1220 19th St, N.W., Suite 600, Washington, D.C. 20036

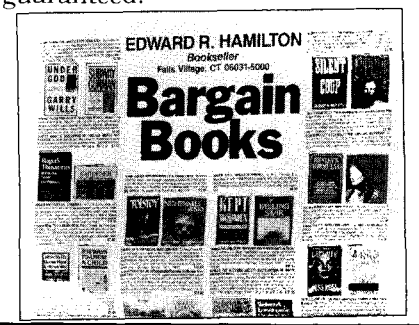
America's Biggest Selection of
**Bargain Books**
**Politics and Current Affairs,**
**Biography, American and World History, Science, Sports, Fiction and more—at up to 80% savings**

CHOOSE FROM thousands of recent publishers' overstocks, remainders, imports and reprints in over 40 subject areas.

Popular books that once cost $20, $30, or $40 just a few months ago, now only $2.95, $3.95, $4.95.

Most orders are shipped within 48 hours, and your satisfaction is guaranteed.

**In Recent Catalog Issues:**
Books about ● Two centuries of White House scandals ● The ultimate Washington insider ● Oil and Islam, inside the PLO ● Provocative, popular works by Kevin Phillips, Elliott Abrams, Mortimer Adler, Theodore Sorensen and many more.




**Free Catalog**

Send me your FREE Catalog of Bargain Books
Name
Address
City
State Zip

**HAMILTON**
Box 15-511, Falls Village, CT 06031




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*You deserve a factual look at...*

# The Arab Boycott of Israel

## Does it give any clues to Arab intentions?

In the current peace negotiations between the Arab states and Israel there is much pressure on Israel to make "accommodations for peace." No such gestures are ever being requested from the Arabs. One very important matter, the Arab boycott of Israel, is never even being discussed.

### What are the facts?

**The Background of the Boycott.** The Arab states try to make the world believe that their hostility toward Israel is based on Israel's "occupation" of "Arab lands", which came under Israeli administration as a result of the 1967 Six-Day War. But the Arab boycott of Israel goes back even further—to 1946, two years before the state of Israel even existed.

**How the Boycott works**. The boycott works on several levels. The *primary boycott* prohibits Arab people and Arab states to do any business—with and in Israel. The *secondary boycott* attempts to prevent businesses anywhere in the world from any economic activity with Israel and threatening them with economic retaliation if they do not conform. It is a very potent weapon, since most countries and most businesses are well aware that the large Arab market and its enormous oil wealth make it most unattractive to get into the bad graces of the Arabs. Little consideration is given to the fact that the boycott is a gross violation of international law. The U.S. is the one shining exception to the almost universal acceptance of this economic blackmail. There is also the *tertiary boycott* that punishes firms that deal with blacklisted businesses. And perhaps the most damaging aspect is the so-called "*voluntary boycott*", by which companies, and in some cases entire countries, refrain pre-emptively from doing business with Israel in order to avoid retaliation by the Arabs.

The boycott also applies to international shipping, aviation and tourism: Most ships and airplanes calling on Israel are barred from Arab ports; airplanes enroute to and from Israel cannot overfly Arab countries. Israelis or any travelers with Israeli visas in their passports may not enter most Arab countries.

The Arab Boycott Office maintains a blacklist, which at last count included over 6,300 entries in 96 countries. In the United States alone, over 12,000 firms each year receive requests from Arab firms for boycott compliance. In Europe and Asia, where, in contrast to the United States, boycott compliance is usually legal, the numbers are probably much higher.

> "The Arab boycott is undisguised economic warfare against the state of Israel. It is totally unrelated to any territorial dispute the Arabs may have with Israel."

**The Cost of the Boycott to Israel.** The primary damage of the boycott to the Israeli economy is that it prevents or considerably hampers investments in the country. That loss is estimated to be on the order of $500 to $600 million per year. The loss of potential trade with the Arab countries alone is on the order of over $500 million per year. Because of the boycott, Israel's commercial exports are at least 10% less than they would otherwise be—a loss of about $1.2 billion per year!

The Arab boycott is undisguised economic warfare against Israel. The boycott is totally unrelated to any territorial dispute the Arabs may have with Israel, since the boycott started over twenty years before any such territories came under Israeli administration. Its purpose is the strangulation of Israel—to achieve by economic means what the Arabs, despite many tries, have been unable to achieve by military means. But the greatest losers of the boycott may well be the Arabs themselves. Blinded by their hatred of Israel they have prevented the Middle East from becoming an area of growth and prosperity exceeding even the Asian Pacific Rim countries. Rescinding the almost 50-year old boycott would be an encouraging signal to the world and to the Israeli public. Their not bringing even such a gesture does give a clue that the intentions of the Arabs are not peaceful and that Israel is justified in proceeding with greatest caution in any peace negotiations.

This ad has been published and paid for by

**FLAME**

*Facts and Logic about the Middle East*

*P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159*

FLAME is a tax-exempt, non-profit 501(c)(3)organization. Its purpose is the research and publication of the facts regarding developments in the Middle East and exposing false propaganda that might harm the interests of the United States and its allies in that area of the world. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in national newspapers and magazines. We have virtually no overhead. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work, for these clarifying messages, and for related direct mail.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

$ _____ NR/45

❑ My contribution is in the amount of $50 or more. Please send me your booklet containing 24 of the ads that you have published in national media over the last few years.

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to FLAME P.O. Box 590359 San Francisco, CA 94159

and romantic. (In reality most of the original Caribbean pirates were pale, British and—if the scholar B.R. Burg is correct—homosexual.) He also notes the shift from '60s beach displays of bronzed fitness to present-day anxieties about skin cancer. Only a native could have charted the visitors' growing resentment of trim locals whose home for much of the year is mainly the beach, and who still dress minimally out of sheer convenience. This antipathy, Stilgoe concludes, is why an increasing number of tourists no longer swim, ashamed to be seen in a swimming costume that reveals them as monumentally flabby. In a sense, tourists have been dispossessed of the beach that they felt they had to visit. They are uneasy sunning themselves, reluctant swimmers, too inert and too unfit to walk across miles of difficult sand dunes and repelled by the salt marshes whose grasses anyway cut their toes. Instead they drive motorboats dangerously, often deliberately, across the bows of tanned and healthy kayakers exploring alongshore.

By this point a Them and Us attitude is manifest. It is quite partial, too, since by "us" Stilgoe means not so much "us locals" as "us clerisy"—he uses Coleridge's word to describe the middle-class intelligentsia—both resident and visiting. He is not talking about those Cape Codders trapped by poverty and doughiness, but about healthy-eating members of his own class. More generally, Stilgoe is unequivocal about what he identifies as a stunning visible decline in the nation's health since only 1980:

> The American public has become two publics, divided not by race or gender or economic position but by the insidiousness of physical condition. And nowhere else than in the coastal realm does the split become more obvious, *more grating* [my italics].

One detects here a moralistic and self-pleased note. We are the few, the initiates, the fit and rightful inhabitants of this marginal place; most others are mere interlopers....

But why not, after all? Similar attitudes can be found among settlers of any difficult terrain. Mountain peoples are tough, desert peoples are tough, so still are great numbers of Inuit. Stilgoe's point is a truthful one: that the rewards of knowledge, of sensibility, of aesthetic and physical pleasure, come to those who live actively, attentively and a little riskily. Since fewer and fewer people today seem to want such a life, the reader begins pondering some strange ironies or circularities of history. One is



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the New Englander of 1994 finds himself in an analogous position to that of the aristocratic Old Englanders of 300 years ago who worried about the dangers posed by physical degeneracy. Another concerns the new trend among visitors to Stilgoe's beloved shores of driving their off-road vehicles along the sand to park, facing the sea, windows wound up and engine running to power the air-conditioning. Maybe the sea, thus framed in the windshield, has reverted to being the seascape of a former century's painterly tradition: a picture to gaze at, a spectacle? Or maybe for metropolitan man it is just another form of a screen filled with images, one of limited interest in its lack of electronic interaction and choice of channel.

We might not have had these thoughts without Corbin's history, though *The Lure of the Sea* remains far more valuable for its learning than for its passion. There is probably little left now of the Shelleyan, romantic yearning to "merge," to become one with the ocean. Even the shore's therapeutic value has been compromised by ozone panics and rumors that the sea's health is maybe even rockier than our own. Among the many and varied pleasures of *Alongshore* is a lack of the customary (by now almost obligatory) mourning note for a ruined ocean. Indeed, when discussing the regular destructiveness of the sea along the coasts of Massachusetts and Maine, Stilgoe appears to overstate his case, to the extent of saying flatly: "Nothing people do has much effect on the sea." This blithe piece of heresy, in the context of his manifest love and awe of the sea, sounds very much like an article of faith. It made me warm to the author, by no means for the first time (anyone quoting Wallace Stevens to illustrate the mobility of sand gets my vote); but we have to assume that he is talking about the sea as a historical and elemental force rather than about the ocean as an ecological system.

In any case this glittering, beautifully illustrated and thoughtful book reminds us that in the last 300 years the bald geological fact of the sea's edge has come a long way in Western perceptual terms. From being a place that excited disgust in non-natives, the beach has emerged as a *locus classicus* of cultural change. Future historians ought to be deeply grateful to this professor for having gone barefoot, and might consider doing likewise.

JAMES HAMILTON-PATERSON's new novel, *Ghosts of Manila*, will be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux in November.

**TRB** *continued from page 6*

If you have to choose between relying on a politician's surface ideological motive and relying on his subterranean Darwinian motive, it is usually smart to put your money on the latter. When Newt Gingrich sabotaged President Bush's first budget deal in 1990, was it out of concern for the deflationary effect of its mild tax increases, or was it because Gingrich's defection made him a bigger "player"? (Hint: the defection enhanced his status but resulted in a second deal with *more* taxes.) Gingrich is now pushing bipartisan cooperation with the White House. That would give him substantive input. But he will always have a Darwinian reason to sabotage Clinton. Don't count on Gingrich's "statesmanship" phase lasting very long.

In a review of Ward Just's novel *Jack Gance*, Timothy Noah observed that Washington isn't at all the way Just depicts it—a place "full of ambiguity [and] ambivalence about the quest for power." It's more like a chimpanzee colony, in which ambitious apes scheme to become the "alpha male." Which brings us back to sex. For a male chimp, reaching the top means monopolizing access to females (and thereby passing on your ambitious genes to the next generation). Sex is the payoff for being the alpha male. In Washington, Bill Clinton is the alpha male. Hmmmm.

If a high-ranking politician *were* to try to convert his status into sex, Kary Mullis-style, he'd only be following genetic orders. Is that an excuse? It's a tempting one. A Darwinian perspective at least cautions against giving presidential or senatorial philandering some sort of insidious anti-feminist caste. A high-status male who fools around isn't making an implicit personal statement about the dignity of women; he's simply succumbing to his genes.

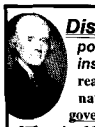
But, as Wright argues, that's not the only possible Darwinian interpretation. What's natural isn't necessarily what's right. We can choose to fight evolution. (George Williams, one of the pioneers of the new Darwinism, calls natural selection "the enemy.") Evolution has even made it a fair fight, by programming the genes to be flexible—that is, to adapt to the cultural environment they are born into.

We can decide that the institution of marriage is so threatened that we want a culture that strips status from males who cave in to their genes and convert high positions into promiscuous, extramarital sex. Many cultures (e.g., Victorian England) have discovered that the status drive is so powerful it can be turned against the sex drive. There are even cultures that turn it against itself, giving status to those who don't seek status. Do we want a society that is promiscuous or monogamous? Stratified or egalitarian? Even for Darwinians, our genes don't contain the answers.

**MICKEY KAUS**


**"Three Decades of Doubt"**
*30th Anniversary of the Warren Commission Report*
**A National Conference, October 7-10, 1994**
Coalition on Political Assassinations
*Sheraton Washington Hotel, D.C.*
What's New in the JFK Assassination Files?
Medical, Photographic, Ballistic Experts
**Call (202) 310-1858 for information.**

*A Perfect Gift for*
**Word Lovers**
VEX® is a deluxe word game for two players or teams, crafted in Vermont. VEX includes a fine wooden gameboard and case, 107 wooden letter tiles, a soft, 100% cotton, burgundy letter bag, and wooden score pegs. Attractive, *addictive*, VEX will delight true word lovers! Order VEX as a gift for someone special ...or treat yourself! *Gifts can be shipped direct.*
$49.95. **1-800-789-GAME**
VEX is a registered trademark of Wood-on-Brook Games


***Discover the exciting new cooperative political process of Precinct Citizen Assemblies, inspired by Thomas Jefferson! Now is the time to realize Jefferson's dream for America and solve our nation's chronic political gridlock by creating self-governing citizen assemblies at precinct & ward levels!***
***"The wit of humanity cannot devise a more solid basis for a free & durable republic." To order your Citizen Assembly Manual, send $12.95 (plus $2.00 s/h) check or money order to: Transensus Action; P.O. Box 1892; Portland, OR 97207.***

**HATE TO SHAVE?**
**Try ABOUT-FACE™ shave cream. It's guaranteed to end your razor irritation. The smoothness will astound you.**
**(Aloe, 7 moisturizers, 5 emollients, 20,000 iu vitamin E.)**
**Available: Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, 301 Park Avenue, NY**
**Tel. Order: 212-533-2700 (NYC), or 1-800-793-5433**

**RARE VIDEO**
Discover FACETS VIDEO's astonishing collection of 20,000 foreign, classic American, silent, documentary, fine arts and children's videos and laser disks that you will simply *not* find anywhere else. Purchase or rent by mail.
**FACETS VIDEO, 1517 W. Fullerton, Chicago 60614**
FREE SAMPLER CATALOG: 1-800-331-6197

**"SHUT UP FAG!"** Quotations From The Files of **Congressman Bob Dornan**
Includes "The Year of the Penis," "Lesbian spearchucker" & "Disloyal, betraying, little Jew."
**Foreword by Film Director Oliver Stone**
120 pages with photos • paperback
Send $8.95 check payable to Mainstreet Media to:
PO Box 364 • Irvine, CA 92650




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

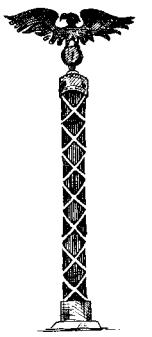
# WASHINGTON DIARIST

## Notes on the State of Virginia

"I AM SOMETIMES INDUCED TO look forward to the eighteenth century," Thomas Jefferson conceded in a letter in 1787. More often, however, "I am immersed in antiquities from morning to night. For me, the city of Rome is actually existing in all the splendor of its empire. I am filled with alarms for the event of the irruptions daily making us, by the Goths, the Visigoths, Ostrogoths and Vandals, lest they should reconquer us to our original barbarism." I have been to Monticello, and it does look forward to the eighteenth century. Wandering around the house and the garden last week, I found my reverence slipping; and by the end of the day, after the drive to Ash Lawn, the pleasant and pinched home of James Monroe, and then to Montpelier, the amiable and straightforward estate of James Madison (which now groans beneath the vulgar embellishments of its later owners, the DuPonts), my reverence for Monticello almost disappeared.

OR SHOULD I SAY, FOR MONTIcellism, since this is a house that asks you to look past itself to its theory. I began to feel like I was strolling around a notion. The ingenuities of the place—the eight-day clock, the dumbwaiter that delivered the wine—seemed a little pedantic, the gimcracks of reason. Worse, the house was designed to deny its own material basis. I am not referring to the existence of slaves on the property, which was not at all denied. I mean, rather, that all evidence of work with the hands, of the labor that transpires between the soil and the table, was banished underground, where the kitchen and the other workrooms were hidden, and made accessible by a tunnel beneath the mansion. I detected in the Jeffersonian idea of cultivation a mild indifference to industry, or at least a severe limitation to the traditional objects of cultivation, which are the land and the mind. There was nothing hardy about all this articulation. It looked significant but not strong.

AND IT LOOKED IRRELEVANT TO America. This was the real surprise. From the standpoint of the new country, Monticello seemed oddly barren. Its designer derived no pleasure from American appearances, which were unworthy of geometry. He saw no philosophy in a shingle. Instead he raised Rome and Paris on the "little mountain" in Albemarle County. The imperial style of the republican architect, the democrat as king of the hill, grated. It had the aspect of a cultural credential. To be sure, the newness of the United States must have posed an artistic perplexity: a country younger than Jefferson himself did not hold out the possibility of a native classicism. Judging by his display of mastodon bones and Indian artifacts, however, Jefferson's attitude toward American origins was largely paleontological and anthropological; and if he sought in his public life to sever America's ties to Europe, in his private life he sought to make America, or at least his corner of it, Europe's contemporary. In this, he was a little typical of the American gentry, but he did it magnificently. The proportions of Jefferson's rooms are ungrandiose and humane; the bed in the wall of his study tells of a man who fell out of sleep into thought; and the light pouring through the skylights and the tall windows illumine also a friendliness with nature that no longer characterizes the concentrations of culture in America. And yet this house is the foundation for a private fantasy, not a national myth. It is a folly, a folly of enlightenment, but a folly.



THE NEXT DAY, A SHORT DISTANCE away, a folly of darkness. The place called the Bloody Angle at the Spotsylvania battlefield must be the *anus mundi Americani*. At 4:30 in the morning on May 12, 1864, and for the next sixteen hours, one of the great slaughters in American history happened here. This is how Shelby Foote describes it:

> It soon became apparent to both sides that what they were involved in now was not only fiercer than what had gone before, today, but was in fact more horrendous than what had gone before, ever. These were the red hours of the conflict, hours no man who survived them would forget, even in his sleep, forever after.... Neither victory nor defeat was any longer a factor in the struggle. Men simply fought to keep on fighting, and not so much on instinct as on pure adrenalin. Slaughter became an end in itself, unrelated to issues or objectives, as if it had nothing whatever to do with the war. Troops were killed by thrusts and stabs through chinks in the log barricade, while others were harpooned by bayonetted rifles flung javelin-style across it.... Rain fell, slacked, fell again in sheets, drenching the fighters and turning the floor of their slaughter pen to slime. Down in the trenches, dead and wounded men were trampled out of sight in the blood-splotched mud by those who staggered up to take their posts along the works, until they too were dropped or forced to retire because their weapons became so powder-fouled from rapid firing that they could not be loaded to fire again....

THE SOUL THAT COMES UPON this evil parcel, and walks along the grassy gutters that are all that remain of the trenches, and arrives at the small marker to the oak tree, almost two feet thick, that was felled by small arms fire, and follows the subtle rises in the open field—such a soul is, as the soldiers used to say, enfiladed. The place has not lost its blastedness. It never really recovered. A few trees stand numbly in the field, weirdly dispersed looking like monuments. In the middle of the field, in a chilling parody of the intimacy of the violence, a spruce tree and an apple tree are wound tightly around each other, an emblem of fated entanglement. The grass is wild and high and burned. The sun curses the ground with heat. There is nothing here, except the horror that is here. A few pillars honoring a few regiments that fought in the angle—all of them Northern regiments!—attempt to restore the place to the rhetoric of commemoration. They are futile. This is not one of those battlefields that leaves you hating injustice. This is one of those battlefields that leaves you hating war.

I CAME AWAY FROM SPOTSYLVANIA confirmed in a conclusion with which I earlier in my little journey, I came away from Manassas. It is that Disney is a villain. These places are sanctuaries of authenticity, of the availability of the past. They are vivid places, and they have no need of Disney's phony pedagogy. They have need only of a visitor's imagination; for their emptiness is a form of eloquence, and an instrument of education. In their silence, you hear multitudes. But here comes the loveless corporation to break the silence, and to establish a "theme park" in Manassas that will have the consequence of exchanging knowledge for information and reality for money. Disney is proposing to tamper with the historical consciousness of America, but it is not very sturdy. Think of the children and to hell with Disney.

**LEON WIESELTIER**



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Mr. Gephardt... Don't Turn Back the Clock on Health Care Reform!

There are some who see the current health care debate as an opportunity to turn back the clock. And they have a plan to do it. They call it "any willing provider." Sounds innocent enough. But here's what *The New York Times* had to say in an editorial entitled "A Sneak Attack on Health Reform".

> "...[any willing provider's] effect would be insidious, because it would eliminate a health plan's ability to contain costs...The provision would also undermine quality...Any-willing-provider provisions are a magnificent way to protect physicians... But they would strike a terrible blow against cost containment and quality control for patients in whose name reform has been proposed."
>
> –*The New York Times*

*The New York Times* is not alone. The National Governors Association agrees. *The Washington Post* agrees. The Federal Trade Commission agrees. Noted economists agree. Lawton Chiles agrees. Roy Romer agrees. Howard Dean agrees. Missouri agrees. The *Baltimore Sun* and many other thoughtful news journals, big and small, agree.

Mr. Gephardt, don't let those who are intent on turning back the clock on health care reform have the past as their future.

**Mr. Gephardt... The Future is Now.**

**"Any willing provider" will mean higher costs...compromised quality...and more inefficiencies in an already bloated system.**

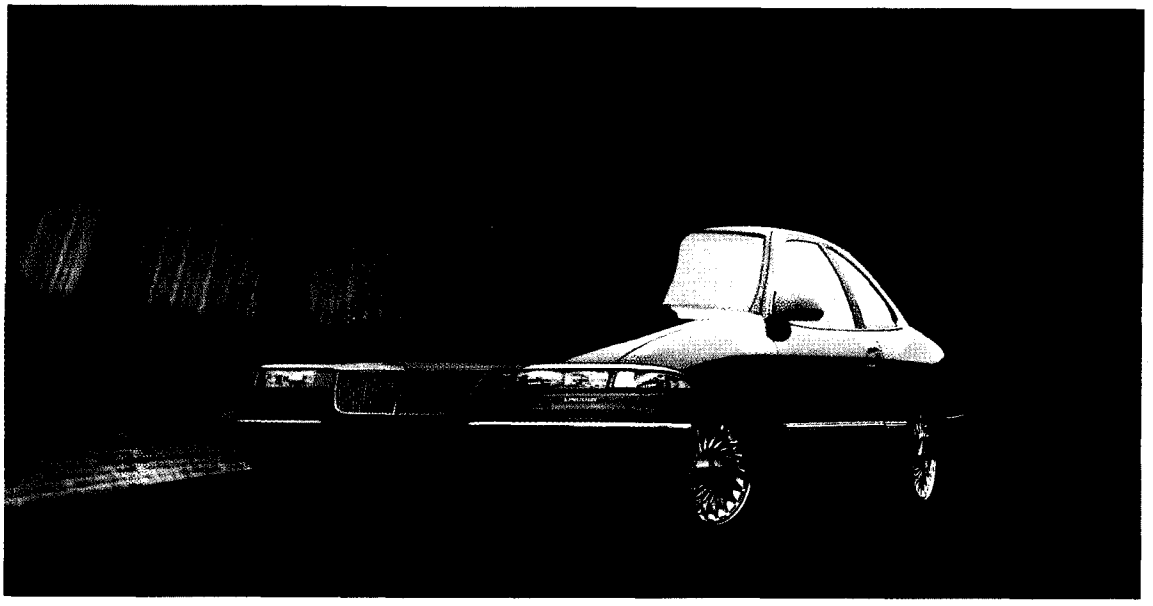
THE ALLIANCE FOR MANAGED COMPETITION

*Providing Health Coverage for 60 Million Americans*

AETNA CIGNA METLIFE THE PRUDENTIAL THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANIES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# This Is What Happens When Engineering Has Lunch With Accounting.



## Lease The Lincoln Mark VIII, America's Best-Selling Luxury Coupe.

STANDARD FEATURES

- 4.6-liter 32-valve Four-Cam V-8 engine
- Sequential multi-port electronic fuel injection
- Dual air bags**
- Four-wheel disc anti-lock brakes
- Anti-theft alarm
- Dual Autoglide front seats
- Six-way power driver and passenger seats with power recliner and lumbar support
- Electronic four-speed automatic overdrive transmission
- CFC-free electronic automatic climate control

**$399**

Per Month, 24-Month Lease†

| | |
|---|---|
| Monthly Payment | $399 |
| Down Payment (net of RCL cash†††) | $2,050 |
| Refundable Security Deposit | $400 |
| Cash Due At Signing | $2,849 |

For more information, call 1 800-255-5433.

LINCOLN

What A Luxury Car Should Be

Red Carpet Lease

†Based on total sales MYTD through 5/31/94. **Always wear your safety belt. †Lease payment based on '94 Mark VIII MSRP of $38,675 excluding tax and title with an average capitalized cost of 90.22% of MSRP for 24-month closed-end Ford Credit Red Carpet Leases purchased in the U.S. through 6/30/94. Some payments higher, some lower. See dealer for payment and terms. Payments may be higher in AK, CT, KY, MA, MO, NC, RI, TX & WV. For special lease terms, take new retail delivery from dealer stock by 9/28/94. Lessee may have option to buy vehicle at lease end at a price negotiated with the dealer at signing. Lessee is responsible for excess wear/tear and $.11 per mile over 30,000 miles. Credit approval/insurability determined by Ford Credit. Total of monthly payments is $9,576. ††Excludes tax, title and other fees. Optional wheels shown not included in price. †††For $1,500 RCL cash, take new retail delivery from dealer stock by 9/28/94.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED